

THE ENTERPRISE

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Limbberger cured in Germany certainly has a relapse coming over.

There is more than one way to shuffle off this mortal coil. That's why doctors often disagree.

When a woman forgives a sin it is for the future pleasure she will have in reminding the sinner of it.

One of the great problems of modern politics is how shall business men be interested in municipal affairs.

Most men regard it as more humiliating never to have shot a deer than to be ignorant of Greek and Latin.

The powers all seem to be for the integrity of China. The integrity of the powers individually is under suspicion.

Sometimes we are almost compelled to think that Editor Stead's worry over the affairs of the universe is unnecessary.

Miss Stone is going to write a book and lecture. Now let the people who refused to contribute to the ransom fund squirm.

It is reported that Aguilardo is an expert checker player. But he failed to reach the king row in the rebellion game, notwithstanding.

It is nice to learn that "ideal marriage conditions" exist in France. By the way, what are "ideal marriage conditions?" No questions asked?

Colorado is to exhibit a plaster model 200 by 300 feet of a modern irrigated farm. Irrigation is going to play a very important part in future history.

It is found that molasses, which is plentiful and cheap, gives the Louisiana mule additional energy. Care is doubtless taken that he shall not let it get into his heels.

It is reported that the King of Norway and Sweden has two crowns and has the privilege of performing at two coronations. The important question, however, is does he receive two salaries?

Mr. Fitzsimmons, the prize fighter, says he would be willing to have himself elected a member of the United States Senate. With Messrs. Fitzsimmons and Tillman sitting as members of the highest legislative body in our land it ought to be possible to make the gate receipts go a long way toward supplying the running expenses of the government.

J. Pierpont Morgan has no secrets. He is so frank about giving out details that any one after reading his printed directions should be able to form a trust. Mr. Morgan is not selfish. He does not care if every man, woman and child in the country organizes from two to eight trusts a day; he is confident that he will still be able to grub along and make a living.

The death of Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage excites an immediate personal interest among thousands, probably we could truthfully say millions of people. The great tabernacles with which his name was associated gave him but a small fraction of his following. His sermons published in the newspaper press had a circulation and a list of readers which shamed the success of the largest selling novel. The readers could be found all over the country, in city and village and upon the most remote farms. They were of the constant kind, too, never missing the new chapter, while many of them hoarded the old ones. No preacher of his time, if we except Beecher in his palmy days, had such a hold upon the public, and it follows as a matter of course that he must have had exceptional powers to attain to such influence. To his fame as a writer of sermons he added that of a popular lecturer, but with all his success on the platform and in the pulpit there were not a few auditors whom he distinctly repelled by his extravagances of manner. And though his Brooklyn church in particular gave signal proofs of his devotion to him, the finest tribute he ever received was in the loyalty of his larger reading public.

After several years of study doctors are agreed that the vermiform appendix, which is located at the end of one of the human canals, has no object to serve in a man's body. It is a useless growth, they declare, and all bodies would be better off without its presence. At one time it might have served a purpose, but whatever function it performed is not now in evidence. While thus discoursing, does not the thought come to mind that some men, yes, and some women, in this world are apparently as useless to the body politic as the vermiform appendix is to the human system? You meet them now and then, perhaps every day. There are of this number some who have much money, some who are in quite moderate circumstances, and others who are poor. The society woman who thinks of naught else, the man content to lead a humdrum life without making any effort to improve his condition or to better the condition of those who are dependent upon him, and the loafer who will not work—all these are in the same class; they add nothing to this life's brightness or to its progressiveness. They are dead timber. Take a step forward every day; even if you lose ground at times, forge ahead again and make yourself of some use in

the world. Don't be a vermiform appendix.

There is an impression abroad that in this new era of industrial consolidation young men have a much diminished opportunity to rise to positions of eminence. It is argued that the number of "jobs" where men can be independent and make their own fortune is steadily decreasing. In spite of the growth of our manufactures and commerce. Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, in a university address before a fine audience of young men at Chicago undertook to show that these apprehensions are exaggerated. He denied outright that money is more than man in the modern world of business; the reverse he asserted to be the case. A generation ago, when a man could get 10 per cent on his money in safe investments, a fortune of \$50,000 would yield its possessor a comfortable income, sufficient to enable him to live without effort if he chose. Now that the interest rate is cut in two, that same man, if he desires to maintain the same standard of living, must either have twice \$50,000 or he must put his own efforts with his capital to keep up his income; and this process is constantly going on so that the ratio of a man to a dollar is growing every year, provided always that the man is a trained man. Unskilled and unspecialized labor stands a poor chance in the present competition. It is true that in the coming era of centralized production and distribution the proportion of men on salaries will increase, but the salaries will also increase in proportion as the worth of a trained man, who can do some one thing that nobody else can do so well, grows with the increasing exactions of business. Dr. Shaw does not regard this increase of the salaried class as a misfortune to American manhood, but rather the reverse; for, other things being equal, that man has the largest opportunity for personal development and public service whose living comes to him without anxiety on his part, through the faithful performance of duties to which he has been trained—leaving some of his time and some of his energies free to think of other things than money and to seek some of the higher ends of life to which money-getting is unquestionably an obstacle.

At the very moment while the United States is seriously considering the enactment of legislation restricting immigration, Canada is making the most energetic efforts in her history to attract new settlers. She is at work not only in Europe, but in this country. Illustrating the success which her agents are meeting, it is asserted that in the fiscal year which ended on the 30th of April last no less than 18,000 persons from the Middle and Western States of the Union took up land in Manitoba and the territories embracing the provisional provinces of Assinibola, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Concerning Manitoba the general reader in this country is well posted, but what does he know about the provisional provinces? Assinibola lies north of North Dakota and eastern Montana and has an area of 90,340 square miles. Alberta comprises 100,000 square miles, and lies north of western Montana. Saskatchewan is north of Assinibola. Its area is 114,000 square miles. The mercury goes pretty low in these regions in the winter season, but there is little snow, while the air is dry and the sky is generally bright, so that cold is felt less there than where a humid atmosphere prevails. There are frequent visits of melting weather heralded by the Chinook wind, and except during January and February the climate is not severer than in the region of the great lakes. Once all this country was supposed to be doomed forever to the status of a wilderness dotted with trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company. Now it is recognized as available for the production of No. 1 hard wheat, in crops ranging from thirty to sixty bushels to the acre. When Canada comes into the Union this great region will be well settled with prosperous farmers. It seems to be a far better country in many respects than that toward the east. During the past half century there has been a steady stream of immigration to the United States from Eastern Canada. The people whom it brought here have bettered their condition, and have never evinced a desire to go back. It is significant of the superiority of the Canadian territory further west that it is able to attract settlers from the United States.

Her Brother.
A pathetic incident recently occurred in connection with a biograph scene in one of our Western cities, says Popular Science. The instrument was one of the large ones used to throw a moving picture on a screen for public entertainment. Some of the views showed incidents of the occupation of Pekin by the foreign troops. One represented a detachment of the Fourteenth United States Infantry entering the gates. As the last file of soldiers seemed to be literally stepping from the frame to the stage, there came a scream from a woman sitting in one of the front rows.
"My brother! my brother!" she cried. "There is my dear brother Allen, marching with the soldiers!"
She had recognized the figure as that of a man who had mysteriously disappeared several years before, and had been regarded as dead, no word having been received from him.
The woman wrote at once to the War Department, and in time learned that the man who had been so strange, discovered to her was indeed her brother.

Ever think that perhaps people are particularly friendly to you because of the discovery that you have a common enemy?

TRAMP TO GOVERNOR

CHAPTER IN THE CAREER OF
JOHN P. ALTGELD.

His Trials and Hardships as a Farm Laborer in Missouri—His Early Love Suit Spurned and the Pathetic Result.

In the spring of 1873 the late John P. Altgeld, then 26, was working on a railroad grading contract in Southeastern Kansas. He had drifted west from his Ohio home in the effort to better his condition, but opportunities were scarce and money was still scarcer with him. To live he had to work, and day labor was the only thing that he could find to do. While employed on the railway job, he was taken ill with a fever. He was taken to the rudely constructed temporary hospital maintained by the contractors, and there he lay for some weeks while the fever ran its course. When he was discharged as cured and essayed to take up his work again he found that he was unable to do the labor expected of him. He had to abandon the job, and penniless, weak and emaciated, he started to walk to the State capital, where he hoped to obtain occupation more suitable to his condition.

Cared for by a Farmer.
When three miles east of Topeka he stopped at a farmhouse and asked the farmer to give him some light work suitable to his condition, asking in return only board and lodging for a short time. The farmer liked his appearance and modesty, and, being a kindly disposed man, took Altgeld in. In the



fortnight he remained there he recuperated with wonderful rapidity. Hunger and the severity of the fever had weakened him both physically and mentally, and the interest of the farmer and his neighbors led them to debate the advisability of sending Mr. Altgeld into the city and procuring his admission to one of the city hospitals for treatment. Young Altgeld hotly opposed the wishes of his new friends on this point, and, fearing they would send him away without his consent, resolved to go away himself. He quit the farmhouse late one night, and some weeks later appeared on the streets of St. Joseph, Mo. He had tramped the entire distance. His clothes were in tatters, and in place of shoes he had his feet bound up in rags, his shoes having given out on the tramp. Thus attired he started out to get a situation.

From place to place Mr. Altgeld went in search of employment, and man after man heard his hard-luck story without offering him any encouragement. After putting in a week at this discouraging work young Altgeld arrived at the conclusion that he must move further on. Again he started on the tramp, and finally, in Andrew county, he obtained work on the farm of Henry Mueller, who gave him his lodgings for his labor. He chopped wood all the first morning of his stay, and at noon sat down to rest and told of his troubles and travels. Mueller became interested, and was shrewd enough to discover that there was metal of worth in the young fellow's make-up. His sympathy was aroused, and he made him a member of his family circle. For \$10 a month wages Altgeld worked for two years, during which his strength returned and his recovery was complete.

He bent his energies constantly toward the acquirement of means to the study of law. He tried for a certificate to teach a district school, but found that he had not knowledge enough to pass the required examination. Farmer Mueller and David Rea, afterward a member of Congress, fixed it so Altgeld got a certificate, and he also got a school that paid him \$25 per month.

Judge Rea loaned young Altgeld law books and after the day's work he would sit down at night to store his mind with the knowledge that was to arm him for battle with the world. In a few months he became so tremendously earnest that Rea took him into his office, where Altgeld read law for some time.

From that period the determined German student worked with the star of success glimmering as a faint possibility in the distance of the future. He went into politics and soon had his name up for prosecuting attorney on the Democratic ticket in a strong Republican county. A hard fight was before him, but he won through sheer persistence, and the admiration which he excited in the minds of the farmers, who, to this day, refer to him as "Pete Altgeld."

the young lawyer the girl appeared the incarnation of his ideals, the realization of his dreams of womanhood, and it seemed that a rosy world of bright possibilities had suddenly been disclosed to him. With characteristic decision he set to work to win her. His suit did not prosper, however, and the girl's father at last gave him to understand that his visits to their home must cease.

This was a hard blow, not only to the affections but to the pride of Altgeld, and for the first time in his life he found himself face to face with an obstacle which he could not surmount. Never did he lose sight of his intent, and later, when the situation became less strained, he visited Miss Rohrer again. He made a formal proposal of marriage, but was refused by the young woman, in obedience to the wishes of her father.

He at once made an effort to get away from Savannah, although he had served but six months of his two years' term as prosecuting attorney of Andrew County. He made arrangements to that end, and soon sold his law library for \$100 and the prosecuting attorney of Andrew County left for Chicago, where he practiced law and where his subsequent career is familiar history.

Miss Rohrer, who was one of the brightest as well as prettiest girls in Andrew County, in the meantime married the man of her father's choice, the cashier of Rohrer's bank. He lived recklessly, and finally died, leaving the wife poverty-stricken and with five children. A few years ago she appealed to Mr. Altgeld to send her and the children to some friends in Syracuse, N. Y., and he responded. She is dead now, and Mr. Altgeld later made a contribution for the support of her children.

HAD THE WRONG MAN.

How a Representative Was Mistaken for a Chiropodist.

William Richardson is a representative from the State of Alabama and receives his mail at the capitol. Another William Richardson is a colored gentleman of large dimensions who is an attendant in the luxurious bathrooms located in the basement of the house end of the capitol for the benefit of members. The latter William Richardson is incidentally also a chiropodist, or, as he terms himself, "a corn doctor."

A few days ago a letter was placed in the box of Representative William Richardson at the house postoffice, which, on being opened, Mr. Richardson found to be from a young woman clerk employed in the treasury department. The letter simply ordered Mr. Richardson to call on the writer "at once." Mr. Richardson ransacked his memory to ascertain whether he had an acquaintance with the writer, but concluded that he had not, and the letter was carefully deposited in his official waste basket.

About three days later another mandatory missive came to him from the young lady. This time the request for a call was still more urgent and still unexplained. Representative Richardson dictated a brief missive to the young lady, calling her attention to the fact that he did not know her and knew no reason why he should call upon her. By return mail he received a very humble and apologetic note. The young lady was having trouble with her corns, says the Washington Star, and wished to add another link in the chain of the colored William Richardson's reputation as a successful chiropodist.

HOW TO JUDGE A DIAMOND.

Common Sense and Good Eyesight the Only Requisites.

"No," said the dealer, "you don't need to be an expert in order to tell a good diamond from a poor one. You need only to have common sense and good eyes and a magnifying glass. First you examine the diamond's table. The table is the surface, and it should be perfectly flat and perfectly octagonal. Then examine the circumference, and if that is round the gem is at least, you may be sure, well cut. Now, for flaws you look into the diamond, using the glass here, for the reason that a flaw imperceptible to the naked eye will often lower a gem's value 50 or 60 per cent."

"Flaws in diamonds resemble those little feathery marks in ice that we so often see, though scratches on the surface are also flaws. If none are to be found you study next the color, remembering that the steel blue, because it is the most brilliant, is the most desirable and costly hue and that the white comes next. Yellowish or off-color stones are practically worthless, but a perfect violet or amber or rose diamond brings a fancy price."

"Study finally the depth and weight and if the depth is good you won't be cheated if you pay \$150 or \$160 a carat for your stone. Before the South African war," concluded the dealer, according to the Philadelphia Record, "you'd only have paid \$100, but \$150, thanks to this war and the diamond trust and to the heavier customs duties, is now the market price."

Majority Names.

In the latest issue of a London directory the Smiths head the poll with a large majority. They are responsible for about 1,500 entries. Jones comes second with 900, then follow Brown with 700 and Robinson with a bare 350.

Trees for Westminster Abbey.
Officials of Westminster Abbey charge fees aggregating over \$2,000 when a memorial is placed in the abbey.

When we see a boy reading a novel in the middle of the day, and smoking a cigarette, somehow we don't like him.

WOMAN'S REALM

THE VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT is the friendship of the people whom we call our friends really worth? This is a question not easily answered," said a matron yesterday. "Are there any among our so-called intimates that really care for us? Any to whom our companionship is necessary, or who would cling to us if the world turned to its cold shoulder? That there are many conscientious souls who would make an effort to be loyal goes without saying, but is their attachment a real one? Could they keep up the old familiar intercourse for any length of time if we no longer lived in their world or had the same interest? I doubt it. No blame could attach to any one in such cases. There would probably be even a struggle on the part of the prosperous friend to keep up the old terms of intimacy, but the rift widens inevitably, and the old-time music becomes mute."

"Then there is no such thing as friendship," exclaimed a very young woman, consciously thinking of the girls for whom, on leaving school, she professed undying fraternity, and whom she has already found it so hard to write to.

"Undoubtedly there is, but it is a very much overrated virtue. It means simply congenial acquaintance and comradeship, a cordial liking, a community of interests, and should not be expected to imply more than that, the few cases where an ideal friendship has been shown being the exceptions that prove the rule. The society man who has been exploring in Africa for several years, and who, upon returning to his club, was greeted by one of his cronies with 'Hello, Brown! Where have you been all winter?' could hardly feel that he had a grievance, inasmuch as he on his part had quietly taken his departure without leavetaking, but it goes to show how little any one is missed when he drops out of the ranks."

Housework and Health.

Why is it so many women look upon housework as drudgery when really their health and temper would be improved by a moderate amount of manual labor? It is a well-known fact that the poorer respectable class of people who do plenty of housework generally enjoy good health. Of course there is such a thing as overwork, but as a general rule housework is excellent, because it affords a variety of exercise so useful to keep the body in health. Furthermore, plenty of fresh air is obtained through the open windows and in the garden or yard. The woman who never does any work in the house has to take some sort of exercise out doors in order to retain health. But how often is the daily walk neglected, and all the time listlessly passed indoors, while her working sister has been dusting, reaching, stooping, going up and down stairs, pushing, pulling, and taking exercise in a number of ways? There is also, as a rule, more comfort in a house where the work is done or mainly done by the mistress. The old maxim of "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself," may apply to domestic life in this case; it is not to be expected that a stranger will or can take the same pleasure in caring for and keeping clean a house as will the mistress who knows and loves each article of furniture in every room. Most young wives who are not blessed with abundant means, and who find time hang a little heavily on their hands, would do well to save money by dispensing with a servant and doing most of the work themselves. Their houses would be cleaner, they themselves would be healthier, and their husbands the richer for the change.

The University Girl.

What most impresses the impartial observer is the extraordinary independence of the university girls, says "An Athenian" in the Atlantic. It is the rarest thing in the world for a father or mother to come with a daughter and see that she is suitably lodged and properly started in her university life. I am told that when these exceptional parents do come they are apt to think that the president of the university should personally superintend the selection of lodgings. Ordinarily the girl finds her own quarters and manages her own affairs. Her goings and comings, her hours, her companions, are all at her own disposal. * * * In the Eastern States, where women have only gained admission to the universities after a long struggle, they take their privileges seriously. They go to Radcliffe or Barnard for study, and not for fun. The women students in a Western college or university are not a picked lot. Seriousness is not absent by any means, but frivolity is present. Girls even say they hate to graduate, because they will have no more "good times." * * * The girls who come to the university for amusement rather than for study are without doubt greatly in the minority, but because they are here at all there should be some system of guardianship. * * * To be sure, in every condition of life things happen that ought not to happen. At the same time, a girl who is guarded during her years of irresponsibility may live a long life and go to her grave without a suspicion of what might have been her own capabilities in the way of folly if she had been left to herself at that time.

Make the Most of Your Charms.

"There is no harm in making yourself pretty, my dears," said a grandmother the other day to her young

friends. "I do not like to see a girl who does not 'prink.' I am sure there must be something wanting in her. But, once dressed and in society, you should never show that you are thinking of your personal appearance. Stay as long as you like before your glass, consider the becomingness of every curl, the set of every fold of lace; examine yourself critically with your hand glass—back, front and on each side—but when you leave your room, whether you are satisfied or dissatisfied, forget all about your looks. No one who is conscious of herself can help showing it, and there is nothing that is so fatal to popularity. If you look pretty yourself, forgetfulness will prove an added attraction, if not, a frank unconsciousness will go far to atone for want of beauty. Girls do not realize how they show the trend of their thoughts by their gestures. The constant touches to their hair, the adjustment of belt or collar, the furtive look in every available mirror, and, more than all, the preoccupied look and perfunctory smile that generally accompany such motions, all betray the vanity of which the girls themselves are probably unaware."

Lack of Tact.

There are many very good people, people of irreproachable character, who are never liked, because of their want of tact. They are hospitable and like to entertain, but they ask known enemies to a little family dinner. They expose all their household economies to their guests. They never "spill a story for relation's sake." If guests are of differing religions or politics, they introduce the subjects and give most decided views which do not convince and only irritate. A lady is told that her hat is unbecoming, or a man that he made a bad speech. They never have any appreciation of the fitness of things.

Tact is of great importance if one would be agreeable or retain friends. A man without tact can never exert a strong influence. He can never become a great leader. Tact is needed in every calling in life.

Chum with the Children.

There are many conscientious fathers and mothers who make themselves and their children miserable by taking youthful follies too seriously. It is an innate propensity of a child possessed of the average good health and spirits to make older people laugh with him; not at him, but at the things that seem amusing to his own sense. And the mother who has the blithe and ready humor to entertain his fun becomes his most fascinating companion.

He heeds her rebukes and bends to her correction without ill feeling where sternness would arouse his pride and ire, for he is assured that she is ready to share all his innocent pranks, and that her disapproval has no foundation in impatience or injustice.

Knowledge Saves Money.

The girl who knows how to applique, how to tuck, how to embroider, has the ball at her feet nowadays, and can make for herself the very daintiest shoulder collars, vests, neckbands and sashes any daughter of Eve could desire. Her sash ends she decorates with ribbon embroidery, her Louis Quinze coat covers with gold thread and jewels, and as for her old-world lawn capes and collars full of rarest stitchery, they are the admiration of all beholders and make her pin money go twice as far as it would if she were no expert in the arts of needlecraft.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Tissue Paper for the Complexion.

If instead of spending money on expensive remedies for the skin people were to try the simple things at hand, the saving would be great and the result as good. The white tissue paper which comes from the milliner or dressmaker in the hat boxes or inside the sleeves of new dresses is excellent for the complexion. Before using the paper the face should be gently massaged or rubbed with a little fine cream, then to remove the cream use the fine white paper. This quickly banishes all the grease and leaves the skin delightfully brilliant.

Dainty New Nighties.

Piquant is the word which best describes the pajamas shown in the lingerie departments of the shops. Of various colors, styles and stuffs are these garments, but none of them has the slightest suggestion of tailor-made severity about them. They are the most feminine and coquettish garments possible to imagine—more so than the flirriest petticoat ever made by airy fingers.—Detroit Tribune.

Remedy for Shiny Clothes.

When the elbows and shoulders of cloth frocks wear shiny this may be remedied by gentle friction and emery cloth. The spot should be rubbed just enough to raise a little nap. In the case of cashmere or other smooth materials, go over them a few times with a warmed silk handkerchief.

His Experience.

"I wonder how they ever happened to call this Wall street?" queried the bull as he and the lamb turned into that great financial thoroughfare. "There isn't any wall in it."

"Perhaps you don't see the wall," replied the lamb, "but it's there just the same. I bumped up against it once."

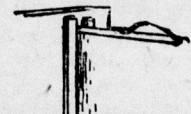
Such a Compliment.

"You look charming."
"Oh, you flatterer."
"Positively I didn't recognize you."



A Home-Made Barrow.

A wheelbarrow with box is a handy tool to have on the farm, but barrows of the style mentioned are quite expensive. However, one can be constructed at small cost if one has a lot of old material at hand. The barrow shown is a two-wheel affair and these wheels were the grain wheels from an old binder, part of the wood from the old machine also being used in its construction. The dimensions of the barrow are: Sides, 3 feet 10 inches long and 18 inches high; handles, six feet from end to end; length of the bottom of the barrow, 4 feet and 4 inches. The end-board is run into a slot with a cleat on each side of each end, the same as a tailboard on a wagon box, and can be removed at will to permit of the contents of the barrow being easily dumped. The small illustration in the upper corner shows the construction of the endboard.



A HOME-MADE WHEELBARROW.

of the endboard. The wheels are fastened by a five-eighths inch iron rod and run on the same hub as when they were on the binder. It will take but little time to construct the barrow shown, and if one has the material mentioned the expense for blacksmithing will be small.

Grinding Food for Stock.

While there are differences of opinion as to whether or not food for stock ought to be ground, there is no doubt but what young stock of all kinds thrive best on the ground food. This is but natural, for the immature stomach is much better able to digest the ground food than the whole grain. That ground food is also beneficial for mature stock no one will deny, and yet how beneficial depends both on the food used and upon the animal.

Wheat fed to hogs must of course be ground or the hard portions will pass through the animal undigested; so with other foods fed to different animals, and the feeder should use common sense in determining whether it will or will not pay to grind the food he has to give. Many cows of considerable age would still be profitable if more care was taken in the preparation of the food given them. While the subject is one that must be largely worked out by the feeder, it will pay every time to follow the suggestion that food for young stock be ground.

Heads of Dairy Cattle.

The head of a Jersey cow presents the perfect type of bovine beauty. The Holstein cow is somewhat larger in the head, with a heavier face. In the illustration the Jersey head appears to be the broader. By actual measurement this is not generally the case, but the shorter head of the Jersey, with the greater dish to the face, causes this appearance. The development of the eye



and brain should be especially emphasized.

Lime in Insecticides.

While lime is generally used in the preparation of bordeaux mixture, in the best known and most reliable of the insecticides or remedies for fungus diseases, other neutralizers may be used with the copper sulphate, such as concentrated lyes. For the beginner in the use of the spraying tools the lime is, however, the best to use, although there is much complaint regarding it because of the injury to sprayers. This is due, without doubt, to the fact that poor lime is used; that it is used too soon after slaking, and that it is not properly strained. The lime should be of the first quality, such as is used by builders, and it should be slaked for two or three weeks before being used, so that all possible of the gritty material that is apt to clog or injure the nozzle of the sprayer may be dissolved. Then the lime should be strained through cheesecloth, to keep out the grit that was not dissolved.

The Shipping of Eggs.

It is a common practice among fanciers to ship eggs by express, but the average farmer is afraid to trust the care, and contents himself with exchanging with his neighbor, or with those that he can reach by a day's journey there and back. But if he would only try he would soon learn that it is perfectly safe to ship eggs by express, and that they will hatch as well after going a thousand miles as if picked up out of his own barn loft or manger.

Have a roomy coop, where you can place the sick fowl for doctoring. It is

best not to doctor much, but very often a fowl will get out of condition and then the others impose on it and keep it away from its feed. It is in cases of this kind that the coop is needed, because a few days of rest and careful attention away from the others will often be all the doctoring necessary.

Boys on the Farm.

The boy who is in love with machinery ought not to be compelled to give up that love to remain on the farm. So, too, there may be the boy whose whole soul is full of music and who ought to think of no other profession, or the one to whom questions of law appeal with supreme force, or the one to whom the practice of medicine seems especially enticing. So, too, there may be the man especially adapted for success in business. The boy who lacks energy, who is willing to be led, who finds it too hard work to think, who is willing to be directed may pass a life of more composure working under the direction of another in some city calling.

The young men who ought to consider whether they may not better remain on the farm also fall into two classes. In the first class comes the boy who loves the farm. There are such boys; there would be far more but for the parents. It is surprising how many young men the teacher meets whose parents urge, if not insist, that they shall follow some other calling than farming.

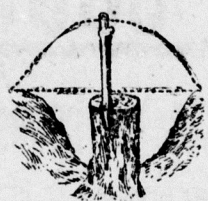
The second type of young men who may well consider farm opportunities is the bright, all round boy who may easily become interested in anything. This embraces the largest class of all.

I wish I might impress upon the young men belonging to these two classes the fact that the farm offers opportunities second to those extended by no other calling. The chances for the majority are better in agriculture than in other lines. These chances do not include the opportunity to amass fortune, but one need only consider the large percentage of business failures to realize that the chances in such lines are not so great as they seem.

After all, money is not the measure of success, though this is a hard lesson for humanity to learn. I can imagine a boy becoming so absorbed in digging bait that he would forget to go to a fishing, but I never saw such a boy. A boy has more sense; a man has not. The man keeps on digging long after it is too late for fish to bite.—Prof. W. F. Card, in New England Farmer.

Grafting a Grape Vine.

A year from the graft will transform a wild, sterile grape vine into a fruitful member of the farm community. The work is simple and easy and it is surprising that farmers do not more generally attend to it. It does not differ from common cleft tree grafting, except



that the stock is sawed off close to the roots, removing the earth adjoining. The straight dotted line shows the surface level, and the stock is sawed slightly below. In cutting the scion, the idea is to make an even wedge. No wax is used, the gummy sap of the stock being sufficient. Finally the earth is banked around stock and graft, as shown by the curved dotted line.—Farm and Home.

Green Food for Swine.

Those who have had experience in feeding swine during the early days of spring before there is any pasture fit to eat realize that the expense for grain is very heavy without any corresponding increase in the weight of the animals. Such results are discouraging, but the remedies are to provide such crops as clover, alfalfa and an abundance of root crops to feed at intervals during the winter, but mainly at this time, between seasons.

Then if it is still possible to get in an early pasture composed of wheat or rye sown early, following this with rape at the proper season, and as the ground becomes warm using sweet corn or sorghum sown so as to cut when needed, the want will be supplied.

There is some objection to feeding heavily of grain food early in the spring, but this comes mainly because a supply of salt and ashes is not supplied as an aid to digestion and to offset any tendency to dysentery. This question is worth looking into by those who raise swine in large numbers.

Horses for Draft.

Any horse the purpose of which is to draw large loads, whether at the walk or trot, may be spoken of as a "horse for draft." Common usage has fixed the term "draft" on horses of specified weight and size, but there are other classes on the market whose conformation is what has come to be known as the "draft form," but which differ from the drafter in the matter of size and weight and the manner of performing their work. The drafter proper works always at a walk, while other classes of horses of draft type work mainly at the trot.—Bulletin United States Bureau of Animal Industry.

Plant Potatoes Early and Spray.

Many farmers plant potatoes late in the season in order to avoid in part the ravages of the potato bug, and there is no question about there being some advantages in this respect. But if continued experiments demonstrate that early planting and thorough spraying will increase the crop from fifty to a hundred bushels per acre over late planting and little or no spraying it would seem a wise policy to plant early and protect the plants by spraying, says an exchange.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Whose 80th Birthday Was Recently Celebrated.

The 80th birthday anniversary of Edward Everett Hale, the distinguished scholar and clergyman, was celebrated in Boston recently, when Senators Hoar and President Elliot, of Harvard, together with many other men of distinction, were present and eulogized Mr. Hale. In spite of his extreme age Mr. Hale is still enjoying health which enables him to take part in such an affair as that of Thursday with a keen zest.

Dr. Hale was born in Boston. He belongs to that eminent New England family which has given to this country many noted clergymen, journalists and other professional men and the great soldier, Nathan Hale, whose death was an example of patriotism which has few parallels in history. The subject of this sketch received a training at



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Harvard and in a Latin school and at the age of 20 became a Congregational preacher and after filling pastorates in Washington and Worcester he took charge of the South Congregational Church in Boston in 1856 and served there for many years. He interested himself in philanthropy, as well as religious movements, and was the originator of the Harry Wadsworth Clubs, which have for their motto, "Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; lend a hand." He aided in the establishment of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle and has been active in advancing the interests of Harvard. He has set type and filled every position as a writer on the Boston Daily Advertiser from reporter to editor-in-chief, and has also written for various magazines. His published works exceed a score and range from children's stories to the most profound religious and philanthropic treatises. There are tales of adventure and travel, history, biography and essays. One of the best known is entitled "In His Name."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Johnson Was Not Killed by His Terrible Fall.

It seemed certain that Mr. Johnson had suffered severely. He had fallen from the third story while engaged in cleaning windows. The evening paper said it was feared that he was injured internally, and when little George Washington Johnson went up the alley that evening whistling cheerfully, as his wont was, and Mrs. Mayberry called to him from her kitchen window, she was horrified to learn the full extent of the calamity.

"Yes'm," said George, with animation, "pa he done broke his back." The whistle was resumed as the little negro replaced his cap and went on, but Mrs. Mayberry excused his insensibility on the ground of his youth. Mr. Johnson, the janitor of the "Leavenworth," was a good husband and father, as well as a sober, hard-working man, and it made Mrs. Mayberry sad that he should die before his children were able to appreciate him. And what would the mother and the six boys and girls do without him? Mrs. Mayberry began to plan a neighborhood subscription to pay the funeral expenses, at least, and perhaps give the family a start toward independence.

It was still early in the following forenoon when the maid called her to the kitchen to receive the elaborate courtesies of Ida Sophronia Johnson, aged 12 years.

"Pa sent me, Mis' Mayberry," Ida Sophronia explained. "Could you please let him have some picture-papers or old magazines to look at? He says it's terrible to have to lay still and smell carbolic acid."

Mrs. Mayberry hastily made up an attractive package. "How is your father this morning?" she asked. "I dunno but his arm's broke—too," Ida Sophronia responded, thoughtfully. "When I was at de hospital dis mornin' dey'd strapped up a shelf thing 'cross his bed, so 't he wouldn't have to hold anything in his hand."

At that moment visitors from a distance arrived, and Mrs. Mayberry had to forego the many questions she wanted to ask. The guests, in fact, crowded the Johnsons completely out of her mind for twenty-four hours, so that she felt a spasm of self-reproach when one of her own children mentioned the injured man next day.

"Mr. Johnson came home from the hospital in a back," the boy told her. "He said they starved him there." "Poor man!" breathed Mrs. Mayberry, pityingly. "I suppose he felt that he'd rather die at home. I must see what I can do for them to-morrow."

So on the morrow she loaded a basket with things good to eat, and suitable for an invalid, and started for the "Leavenworth," two blocks distant, in the basement of which the janitor and his family lived. She dreaded to go, fearing almost that she might walk

in upon a funeral service. Her apprehension was needless, however. Halfway between her home and the apartment house she met Mr. Johnson himself, walking almost as jauntily as usual.

Mrs. Mayberry dropped her basket. "Why, Mr. Johnson!" she cried. "I heard you were almost killed." Johnson took off his cap. "Yes, ma'am, thank ye, ma'am, Ah was 'mos killed," he said. "Ah got shook up pow'ful. Jes' missed a iron fence, too. Ah reckon if Ah'd hit dat it would 'a busted me scand'lous. But Ah didn't hit it, no, ma'am. Ah done lit on mah haid in de yahd."

WHAT AROUSED THE DOG.

Had He a Sixth Sense that Revealed His Master's Mishap.

Among the tales told of the intelligence and affection of our canine friends by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton in her recent book, "Our Devoted Friend, the Dog," is the story of Dan, a deerhound, owned by L. C. Meachamp, Homer, La. Mr. Meachamp was one day going on a squirrel hunt, and not wishing Dan to accompany him, tied the dog to a post by a rope. Dan whined and begged, but finding his master obdurate, at last lay down quietly before his kennel.

It was growing dusk and time for the hunter to return, when Mrs. Meachamp was suddenly disturbed by the whining and barking of the dog, who had been quiet all day up to that time. She spoke to the dog, but instead of being pacified at this attention, he redoubled his exertions and broke the rope which held him. Then he bounded away, over the fence and into the woods.

He was gone perhaps half an hour, when he came running back, panting and almost breathless, with his master's hat in his mouth.

Mrs. Meachamp became at once alarmed, and calling her son, they set off to find the missing man, Dan all the time bounding ahead and leading the way. At length they came upon Mr. Meachamp lying helpless in the woods, where he had fallen into a little ditch and broken his leg.

The accident happened, as nearly as could be reckoned, at the moment when the dog began to show his uneasiness. That he should have had knowledge of the accident seems incredible, but his master firmly believes that he did know it, and that it was because he knew it that he was so anxious to get away.

THIS OLD TREE IS A TOWER.

Nature has taken one of her funny freaks in forming a curious tree, which stands on the old King's Highway, between Saugerties and Kingston. Children enjoy themselves climbing through this tree, which is still alive, although it is hollow from its top to the bottom, with room enough at the bottom for three or four people to sit in, each having plenty of room.

The profile of a man's face is formed



THIS OLD TREE IS A TOWER.

In the bark at the lower left side of the hollow of the tree. Inside the trunk strips of wood are arranged like a ladder, so one can climb to the top, with lots of room to get through and sit among the branches. From the top is had a fine view of the surrounding Catskill Mountains.

The Modern Bandit.

First Bandit—How is the lady missionary quoted by the brigands' commercial agency?

Second Bandit—I find that she is marked "A-7-11-xx-***."

First Bandit—What in thunder does that mean?

Second Bandit—It means that she can be easily kidnaped, but that the kidnapers will be lucky if they get any ransom. There is a possibility that her friends could raise \$200, but before counting on this it would be well to investigate the private archives of the agency. That's all.

"Well, say, ain't it a shame?"

"Ain't what a shame?"

"Why that any woman should think of coming out here as a missionary without any rich friends to back her up. It's too bad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Highest Balloon Altitude.

Dr. Bersen and Dr. Suring, of the Berlin Meteorological Institute, have reached in a balloon ascent the highest altitude on record. They first went up to the height of 30,000 feet, losing consciousness for brief intervals. In spite of the risk they continued to ascend to 33,700 feet, when one of them became completely unconscious and could not be aroused. The other aeronaut, after making a great effort in opening the valve to descend, also became insensible, and neither of them recovered till the balloon dropped to 16,000 feet, at the end of an hour's time.

Preliminary Tip.

Edgar—Eleanor, dear, you are such a vivacious young woman that I'm afraid I shan't be able to make you obey.

Eleanor—Well, Edgar, perhaps you would be wiser not to try.—Detroit Free Press.

THE REPULSIVE RATTLER.

Hunting This Species of Reptile with a Camera in California.

Few creatures create greater repulsion of feeling in the average person than the snake. And yet there are men who devote a good share of their time to a study of this loathsome thing. In a recent number of Country Life in America, a writer describes some of his hunts after the rattler in southern California, that he might study it and photograph it in its many poses. We reproduce one of these pictures—the head



RATTLER'S HEAD, SLIGHTLY ENLARGED.

of a rattler slightly enlarged. The fangs of the reptile stand out prominently. When not in use these fangs are folded back along the upper jaw and are covered with a fleshy membrane to protect them from injury. Back of each fang are several more in reserve, ranging from full grown down to mere incipient growths. When a fang is broken the first reserve one drops down into a socket alongside that which contains the broken one, and is soon tightly fixed to the maxillary bone ready for business. The base of the broken fang drops out, leaving the socket vacant for another. Through the fangs run slender canals connecting with the ducts which lead to the poison glands.

REBUKED THE KING.

Noted Preacher Accused Edward VII. of Violating the Sabbath.

Because King Edward VII. of England attended a Sunday concert he has been taken to task by the famous Congregationalist preacher, Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., of London.

During the course of a sermon in the City Temple Dr. Parker said that what the king does is likely to be imitated by others; therefore if the king goes to a Sunday concert he deals a deadly blow to the Englishman's Sunday. This sentiment was warmly applauded by the congregation.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, D. D., has been preaching since 1848. Since 1869 he has been in London, where he built the City Temple at a cost of \$350,000. This church has many branches and missions throughout London and enjoys large revenues. The pastor is one of the finest orators and most popular ministers in the great metropolis. He declares he wears a gown in the pulpit because he has the worst coat in the congregation. Rev. Dr. Parker has published a "People's Bible" in twenty-five volumes, being a series of sermons expounding the books of the Bible.

HOW DYNAMITE IS MADE.

Erroneous Ideas About Explosive Powers—Will Burn as Quietly as Wood.

Dynamite is composed of nitro-glycerine and a dry substance called the absorbent. In its manufacture we make first the nitro-glycerine, which is prepared by the action of a mixture of concentrated nitric and sulphuric acids upon glycerine, introduced drop by drop. The nitro-glycerine is introduced into a large tank arrangement which is filled with the absorbent—a form of powder made up of wood meal and nitrate of soda. As a result of this absorbing process dynamite is obtained. The substance very closely resembles brown sugar.

Then the dynamite is made into cartridges or sticks. The cartridges are cylindrical in shape and are generally 8 inches long, 1 1/4 inches in diameter and weigh half a pound each. The outer coating of the stick is of heavy waxed paper. In fact, a cartridge is simply a cylinder of this waxed paper tightly packed with dynamite.

It is generally believed that it would be suicide for any one to touch a match to a stick of dynamite. The idea is entirely false. Before dynamite will explode from heat the temperature must rise to 350 degrees. Dynamite will burn like a stick of wood, without the least danger of explosion. I saw a freight house containing 500 pounds of dynamite burn and with it the dynamite, as quietly as so much coal.—Popular Mechanics.

Tabloid Restaurant for Chicago.

A "tabloid" restaurant is promised for Chicago. "Here," says the Hotel World, "food will be given in tablets resembling caramels and a meal can be carried in the vest pocket. The promoter says that mankind needs nutriment in homeopathic doses, not great bulk that has little nourishment. There will be no great trays of dishes under which struggle muscular waiters. The tabloid can be shot through tubes to the dining table and no one will be visible but the guest, who swallows a dose and suddenly finds that hunger has departed.

There are Societies for the Friendless in almost every town, but have you ever had such a painful experience that you decided that the great need of humanity is a Society for Those who Have Friends?



Customer—This steak is the toughest thing I've ever had here, waiter. Waiter (confidentially)—Then you ain't tried our roast chicken, sir.—Tit-Bits.

The Old Lady (in a railway carriage)—I object to smoking! The Navy—Quite right, mum. It's a bad habit for ladies of your time of life.—Tit-Bits.

Natural Enough: "Doesn't the soprano's voice sound metallic to you?" "Yes; but then, you know, there's money in it."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Mrs. Stubbs—But, John, how do you know that Welsh rarebit is going to disagree with you? Mr. Stubbs (sadly)—I—I have inside information.—Chicago News.

St. Peter—Well, sir, what have you to say about yourself? The New-comer—I regret to report— St. Peter—Why, it's Kitchener! Come right in, General.—Coast Seamen's Journal.

Appropriate: Shopper—But aren't these hose rather loud? Clerk—Yes, sir; they are intended only for persons whose feet are in the habit of going to sleep.—Chicago Daily News.

Visitor to the Prison—I suppose this life of yours in here is a continual torture? Convict—Oh, no, not so bad as that. We don't have visitors every day, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Just the Trouble: Newspaper Artist—Officer, this is outrageous! You know I was only sketching that parade. Policeman—That's what Of'm arlistin' yez fer, young feller—fer drawin' a crowd.—Judge.

"Is he really such an expert stenographer?" "Expertness is no name for it. Why, just for practice he actually took down a church sewing circle discussion without missing a word."—Chicago Post.

That Black Eye: Friend—Hullo, Mike! Phwat's th' matter wid yer eye? Mike—Sure, it's in mourning. Friend—Who fer? Mike—Hoolligan. 'Twas he thot hit me, an' his funeral is to-morrow.—Judge.

His Style: Shopman—What style of hat do you wish, sir? Cholly—Ah! I am not particular about the style; something to suit my head, don't ye know. Shopman—Step this way and look at our soft felts.—Tit-Bits.

Little Pitman (at the pantomime)—Aa's come all the way frae Dor'm, and cannot see a happorth o' the stage. Big Woman—Hoots! Ye little foaks is aalis growlin'. Just keep yer eye on me, and laugh when Aa laugh.—Tit-Bits.

Philosophically Speaking: Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, where do those pessimists that we are always reading about live? Professor Broadhead—On an island of egotism, in the midst of a sea of woe.—Smart Set.

Good News: Stage Manager—Mr. Heavy, you will take the part of Alonzo. Mr. Heavy—I have never seen this play. Do you think I can please the audience in that part? Stage Manager—Immensely. You die in the first act.—Tit-Bits.

A Phenomenon of Sleep: He had come on her dozing in a hammock, and when she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss. "Well," he said, "I will admit that the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I did steal one little kiss." "One!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "I counted eight before I woke up."—Household Words.

"Yes," said the old doctor, "you should try to have your own carriage, by all means. Because when you want to get to a patient quickly—" "Oh," interrupted the young M. D., "I don't think any patient who sent for me would be likely to die before I reached him." "No; but he might recover before you got there."—Philadelphia Press.

Rev. Goodley—Do you think you observe the Sabbath as you should? Jiggaby—Well, I usually spend the day quietly at home. Rev. Goodley—Ah! but do you never go to church? Jiggaby—No. However, we have stained-glass windows in our library, and they afford a sort of church effect while I read my Sunday paper.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Strongmind—As the editor of a great newspaper and a leader of public opinion, I hope you take some interest in the subject of the emancipation of woman. Great Editor (with enthusiasm)—Indeed, I do, madam. I have just this moment finished a two-column article filled with anathemas against tight lacing and heavy skirts.—New York Weekly.

First American—Have a good time abroad? Second American—Fine. I traveled incog. Went where I pleased, and escaped the vulgar curiosity of the gaping crowd. First American—Eh? How did you travel? Second American—Incognito, I said. I didn't let 'em know I was a rich American. Just pretended I wasn't anybody but an ordinary. English lord.—New York Weekly.

A Great Success: The Medical Expert—I'm sure your baby shows what our modern methods will do. Did you follow my directions? Mother—Oh, yes. First I skimmed the milk and added two parts of hygienic water and two parts of your celebrated modifier. Then I carefully sterilized the whole. The Medical Expert—And then? Mother—I threw it out of the window and gave the baby the cream—Life.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1902.

THE FIRE TAX.

On Wednesday next the electors of this town resident within the limits of the fire district will have an opportunity of voting for or against a tax for the support of a permanent fire department. At present the town is absolutely at the mercy of any fire that may occur. This is a windy town and a fire started on its main street during the summer months would in our present condition wipe the town out of existence. There is no question as to this great peril, notwithstanding the fact that the town is supplied with ample water under pressure for fire purposes. Without hose and other appliances this water is useless in case of a fire. The question of protecting the town against this danger confronts us. The only question is as to the best means to meet it. The choice lies between passing the hat and voting a tax. We trust there will be a general turnout to the meeting next Tuesday evening and a very full interchange of views upon this important question.

The appalling catastrophe which overwhelmed the French West India islands on Friday, May 9th, sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world. It is estimated that over 50,000 people have met a sudden and terrible death and that 100,000 have been rendered homeless, helpless and destitute. No such calamity has fallen upon any people since Pompeii was buried at the base of Vesuvius. The call of the stricken in the islands of St. Vincent and Martinique has been met with a response as prompt and generous as the disaster was sudden and sweeping. All the world offers aid, and foremost of all the Government and people of the United States lead the way.

Scenery and climate are valuable adjuncts to show off a section of country and perhaps encourage growth of localities. But, like other good attributes, climate and scenery alone will not build up cities. It requires legitimate business enterprises and avenues of employment for industrious workers. Where there is work, people will congregate, and climate with a great majority of the industrial class is only of secondary consideration.—San Mateo Times.

"True as preaching," and this young city of South San Francisco has already the "legitimate business enterprises and avenues of employment for industrious workers." What is better, we will soon have more enterprises and more of these avenues. This is the town to put your money in.

The South San Francisco Enterprise is refreshingly rational in his fine scorn of those who "dish out day by day the pure rot about the oppression inflicted on people by trusts." It requires a man of good sense to get behind the uproar about trusts and fasten on the truth, and it often requires more nerve, west of the Wabash, to present the truth in the face of demagogues. "Trusts!" My country, where and what would we be without combinations of capital?—Campbell Visitor.

THE LATEST MAP OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The United States Geological Survey has just issued the first of a series of three map sheets which will cover the region in California extending from San Diego to Santa Barbara, including the adjacent mountain ranges, and will form a map of the whole southern portion of the state. Sheet No. 1 which has lately been issued is compiled from 23 atlas sheets of the U. S. Geological Survey. It comprises within its limits the San Gabriel Timber Land Reserve, the San Bernardino Forest Reserve and the Trabuco Canyon Forest Reserve, and parts of the San Jacinto, Pine Mountain and Zaca Lake Forest Reserves. It contains all of Orange county, the greater part of Los Angeles county, and portions of Riverside and San Bernardino counties. It includes all of what may be termed the Great Valley of Southern California, extending from Los Angeles to the vicinity of San Bernardino as well as the mountains which are the source of the waters that irrigate its orchards and farms. These map sheets which are listed by the Geological Survey at 10 cents each, are 21 by 33 inches, and are drawn on a scale of about four miles to the inch; the relief of the country is shown by contour lines.

THE BULLET FROM AFAR.

How Modern War Methods Try the Soldiers' Nerves.

Today a man may die as soon as the enemy's guns, hidden away in the distant, cloud topped mountains seven miles away, begin to talk. And over that seven miles he must walk with caution, with a wide interval between him and his pals on either hand. He must lie down at every short halt and scratch the ground hurriedly with his little spade at every long one, for the great shells are sailing toward him, and he sees by his officer's eye and hears by his commands that it is considered that he may perish at any moment and that precautions are necessary to preserve him. He sees, moreover, how futile those precautions must be if one of those monsters howling overhead should land as near to him as the last one did to that blasted tree, for instance, with its scorched, dangling limbs and the huge charred ashure in its stout trunk, or as the one before did to the team of mules in the ambulance wagon, now a screaming, struggling jumble of harness and bloody flesh.

All this is dispiriting and appears unnecessary. The country on all sides is as peaceful as his native dale, not a sign of an enemy. Even the great blue hill ahead, on which he is told the enemy's long guns are posted, looks as quiet as the mountain on a Christmas card. Yet for two miles he walks through death, thinking only of it because there is nothing else to think of, and then as twilight falls bivouacs in extended line, sees his friends run for their tea between the fall of the shells, notices one of them time his run back badly and meet a projectile in full career, to part from it an awful and disgusting offense, and then lies down in the darkness with shaking nerves and the thought that five worse miles still intervene between him and the guns he knows he is intended to take.

Next morning he is awakened by a shell, is marched with infinite caution for two more miles, shelled the whole way, is shelled even in his bivouac by the light of the moon and as he watches the projectiles bursting like water-spouts of fire along his hillside is glad when he is told that tomorrow will be the battle, after which if he wins and if he lives he may be able to walk and sleep in peace for a space.—"A Line-man" in New York World.

LINCOLN'S DISPATCHES.

Why Many of Them Were Dated From the War Department.

Surprise is often expressed by very intelligent people that so large a proportion of President Lincoln's most important telegrams and some of his letters are dated from the war department instead of the executive mansion and none of them from the navy, treasury or other administrative bureaus. This is generally deemed a very singular fact, and from it writers have plausibly drawn the conclusion that Lincoln personally liked the secretary of war better than any of the other cabinet officers. While this indeed appears to have been true, it does not necessarily so follow. He certainly held Mr. Seward in high regard, yet he seldom went to the state department.

In the circumstances it was not at all singular. The explanation is easy. War was the business of that time, and Lincoln's eyes were always bent to the army, especially when great military events were impending. He habitually haunted the adjacent war department and army headquarters, where abode General Halleck, his military adviser, for news and views. Head and heart were strenuously concentrated on the fight, wherever it might be. His fertile brain saw, too, the critical points in the game oftentimes far more clearly than some of his so called "ablest generals." He not only wished to know what was going on in the field, but performed his own part nobly. In the heat of action or at crucial moments his orders, suggestions and inquiries were fired off spontaneously from wherever he might be at the moment, and at such periods he was generally "over at the war department" with Mr. Stanton. That is the chief reason why so many of his dispatches are dated at that department and not because he perhaps held Stanton in higher esteem than the secretary of the navy or state or treasury.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Much For Little.

McJigger—I saw Markley blowing off that theatrical manager to a ten dollar dinner yesterday.

Thingumbob—Yes, a scheme of his, and it worked beautifully. He was working him for a couple of passes.—Philadelphia Press.

Marital Confidences.

Mrs. Benham—Don't you think I grow better looking as I grow older?

Benham—Yes, and it's really too bad you can't live as long as they did in Bible times. You might then become a veritable beauty.—New York Times.

Cool.

Briggs—It isn't the man who cuts off the most coupons who cuts the most ice.

Griggs—He doesn't have to. His cool thousands answer well enough for him.—Boston Transcript.

Talent.

Talent is aptitude for a given line. In the old Bible significance it is power intrusted to one for a specific use. Everybody has some talent worth cultivating. The more we use what we originally have the greater becomes its value.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The man who tries to drown his sorrow in the flowing bowl must sooner or later discover that sorrow is amphibious.—Philadelphia Record.

Italy has fifty factories of chemical fertilizers.

A DROLL CHARACTER.

"COUNSELOR" NOLAN WAS A WIT OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

Some of the Quaint Sayings of This Picturesque Legal Light, Who For Years Kept Gotham's Judges and Lawyers Laughing.

In a book entitled "The Barrister" Charles Frederick Stansbury has brought together the best of the anecdotes of Tom Nolan, who was known popularly among members of the New York bar as "Counselor Nolan." For many years the counselor kept judges and lawyers of New York laughing, and at political conventions he was one of the important, if not serious, attractions. The counselor was himself a general. His drollery was individual. Some characteristic stories from Mr. Stansbury's collection are here set down:

At a political convention a friend asked Nolan:

"Isn't it strange, counselor, that your friend Croker, who is such a mighty power down your way, does not get a nice political job for himself?"

The barrister drew himself up, looking his inquisitor over from the corner of his eye, and then replied, with severity: "Tis a peanut brain you have, Clancy, to ask me that. Is there any job he hasn't got?"

Judge Horace Russell told the following story: Nolan once had a client whose name was Mrs. Moriarty. After her case had been placed upon the calendar Mrs. Moriarty appeared every day in Nolan's office with her eveling witnesses. Finally the case reached the top of the calendar, and Nolan was on hand to try it. The opposing counsel asked for a postponement. Nolan fought the postponement with great eloquence, laying much stress upon the fact that Mrs. Moriarty had been put to enormous trouble and expense of coming every day to his office with her eleven witnesses. Judge Dugro, who was sitting, was not convinced apparently by Nolan's perverted oratory and granted the adjournment. Then the barrister arose.

"Your honor," said he, "has seen fit to grant a postponement of the case, and while I humbly submit to the ruling of the court, yet I would like to ask your honor to do me a personal favor."

"Certainly, counselor, with pleasure," replied Judge Dugro. "What is it?"

"Go you to my office," thundered the barrister, "and inform Mrs. Moriarty that this case has been postponed."

Witty and keen as Nolan was, he, once in awhile got the worst of an encounter with a witness, as the following incident illustrates:

The plaintiff, Mr. Foley, was suing Mr. W. for damages sustained by carelessness of defendant in allowing his donkey to escape from his stable and trespass upon plaintiff's lawn. Foley is in the witness box.

Barrister Nolan (for defendant)—You say that Mr. W.'s animal caused all this injury to your property?

Foley—Yes, sir.

Barrister—Where did you first see this donkey?

Foley—Tied up in defendant's stable.

Barrister—Where did you next see him?

Foley—On me premises.

Barrister—How do you know it was the same donkey?

Foley (emphatically)—If I saw yez tied up in the stable, don't yez suppose I'd know yez whin yez got loose?

The barrister excused Mr. Foley.

It was in the old superior court before Judge David McAdam and a jury, and the barrister was trying a case on behalf of the plaintiff in a negligence suit against the Twenty-third street crosstown railroad, which was controlled by Jacob Sharp, who afterward gave the name of "boodfe aldermen" to the world. On rising to sum up on behalf of his client Nolan launched forth into an attack upon Sharp, who had in no manner appeared in the case. Raising his voice to a pitch that could be heard by citizens in the City Hall park, he concluded his peroration as follows:

"And who, gentlemen of the jury, is Jacob Sharp? I will tell you, gentlemen. He is a man so lost to all his sense of ethics and the rights of man that for the sake of paltry prospective dividends he would run a railroad over your spine and make ties out of your ribs!"

When the bar of the city of New York gave a dinner at Delmonico's in honor of former Justice Abraham R. Lawrence on his retirement from the bench, one of the remarks Nolan made was:

"There's Recorder Smyth. He's a good judge, a fine judge, but he thinks every man ought to go to prison at least wance."

Nolan on one occasion was a candidate for a municipal office, and in the course of his canvass he asked a woman of his acquaintance if she would use her influence in obtaining for him her husband's vote. "Sure, I will," said the woman. "Are we not everlastingly grateful to you ever since you got my husband off for stealing a gun?"

"No, no, my dear woman," cried the barrister, "not for stealing a gun, but for the alleged stealing of a gun."

"Alleged be bothered," replied the woman. "Come up stairs and I'll show you the gun."

Once arguing a case in behalf of clients who were sailors and while in the midst of an exhaustive display of nautical scholarship Nolan was interrupted by the court:

"How comes it, counselor, that you possess such a vast knowledge of the sea?"

"Does your honor think," responded Nolan, "that I came over in a hack?"

Nothing will look after itself more carefully and more cautiously and more successfully than a dollar, unless it be two dollars.—Canfield, "The College Student."

SOURCES OF KNOWLEDGE.

You May Learn Something From Everybody You Meet.

One of the most useful success habits one can form is that of learning something from everybody with whom he comes in contact. No information which can be acquired is too trivial to be ignored.

Constantly measure yourself with the men you meet. You will find that every one can teach you something which you did not know before and which, perhaps, you would never have a chance to learn again if you did not acquire it from him.

Daniel Webster once made a great hit in arguing a case before a jury by repeating a story which he afterward said he had not thought of since he heard it fourteen years before. But Webster was always picking up something for future use. His famous reply to Hayne, the greatest speech ever delivered on the American continent, was largely made up of little reserves which he had picked up here and there in his reading, from studying men and from observation.

Many a prominent novelist has collected material for his stories by making notes of his conversations with those he has met and by observation. Charles Dickens got a great deal of the matter for some of his novels in this way.

One young man will go to a lecture and after spending an hour listening to the helpful, inspiring words of some prominent man will leave the hall or lecture room without having derived any benefit from the address. Another young man will attend the same lecture with an ambition to learn something. He will drink in the speaker's sentences as if he were never to hear such words of encouragement and inspiration again. At the conclusion of the address he will determine that he will make more of his opportunities in the future; that he will read more, think more, study more, be more than he ever was before. Such a young man has a purpose and is determined to learn something from everything he comes in contact with and from everybody he talks to. The other has no ambition, does not throw himself into what he does, lets his mind wander hither and thither, so that he never wholly understands what people are saying and therefore never derives any benefit or information from those with whom he converses.—Orison Swett Marden in Success.

Learning and Working.

Ever notice at the end of a day when you have fooled along with your work and slouched through everything in a slipshod manner that you are tired as if you had worked steadily and done your work well? And how much better satisfied you feel with yourself when you have done your work as you should. Your employer also notices these things. Don't belong to the slipshod class. Do your work well. You will feel better and stand higher in the estimation of the man you work for.—Atchison Globe.

Proved Her Claim.

"I wanted to show," she said, "that woman is maligned, that brevity is quite as much her attribute as it is man's, and so when he proposed I had to say 'Yes.'"

"You might have said 'No,' it was suggested."

"Not at all," she protested. "When you say 'No,' you have to explain why you say it and tell how sorry you are, and it would have spoiled everything."

—Chicago Post.

Baden French Laundry

MME. MARQUIS, PROPRIETRESS

No. 10 Grand Avenue - South San Francisco
San Mateo, Co., Cal.

Fine Fluting, Laces Done
Up Like New

Particular attention paid to
FLANNELS, BLANKETS AND CURTAINS

Ideal Dental Co.

6 EDDY ST., Rooms 32 & 44,
San Francisco.

Painless Extraction a Specialty.

Five years written guarantee with all work.

**IF YOU WANT
GOOD MEAT**

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

Two Names and Two Results.

A large steamer was once wrecked because one of the sailors was named West. The vessel was outward bound from Rotterdam, and the sailor was on deck polishing some brasswork. Suddenly the captain called him and told him to go below. The second officer on the bridge heard the captain call out the man's name and thought it was an order to change the course of the vessel to west. He did so, and the result was that the ship ran on to a dangerous shoal. That name cost the owners of the vessel the sum of \$500,000.

During the Afghan war of 1879 a small British detachment gained a victory over a large body of the enemy by a mistaken order. A private named Vance, who had distinguished himself by several acts of bravery, was a great favorite with one of the officers, and during a skirmish the officer wanted him to carry a dispatch to the colonel in command of another detachment. The man was only a few yards away, and he called out, "Vance!" at the top of his voice. The men thought he had given the order "Advance!" and immediately rushed forward with such dash and spirit that the enemy broke and fled.

Monstrous Force of Tornadoes.

Much has been said about electricity as a factor for destructiveness in the various gyrating stormclouds known as cyclones, drechoses and tornadoes. In all of this voluminous mass of so called scientific opinions and deductions one fact seems to have been entirely overlooked—viz, the almost irresistible force of wind when moving with high velocity. When the velocity is but fifty miles an hour, the pressure of air in motion is equal to twelve pounds to the square foot, and when this velocity rises to a hundred miles

per hour its force rises to the equivalent of 49.2 pounds to the square foot, the augmentation of force being always proportional to the square of the velocity.

It needs no further elaboration or amplification of this statement to convey to the intelligent reader an idea of the monstrous mechanical force which such a rapid traveling mass of air must have, a power great enough to tear down any structure that has yet been built by man or to uproot whole forests of the largest trees now growing on the surface of the earth.

What's In a Name?

"I became very much interested in a chance companion on a railway train," said a New York clergyman. "He was plainly of Italian birth or extraction, and so I remarked to him: 'Where were you born?' 'In Genoa,' replied the young man. 'And what is your name?' 'Patrick Murphy.' 'How in the world did you get that name?' I asked instinctively. 'I took it,' replied the young man. 'Why did you choose such a name?' 'Because I wanted people to think I was an American,' was his reply."

An Interruption.

The prayer meeting was held at good Brother W.'s house on the hill. The meeting had progressed, and prayer and remarks and hymns had occupied the time. The hour of closing had almost arrived. The dominie in a low voice said: "Now there is just a moment left. Isn't there some one who would like to fill in that moment before we close?" There was dead silence when in the twinkling of an eye the door on the clock flew open, and out popped the head of a little bird, which said, "Cuckoo!"—Homiletic Review.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAFT, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

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COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

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**HAMBURG-BREMEN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York**

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

**House Broker,
Notary Public.**

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TOWN NEWS

May showers.
A moist May.
Everybody busy.
A year of plenty.
Every house occupied.
Make it a point to vote on Wednesday for the fire tax.
Don't forget or neglect the fire tax election next Wednesday.
Wood & Healy have begun work on the Gaerdes building on Cypress avenue.

Zell Rollins has the frame up of Burchard's new cottage on Miller avenue.
Don't forget the snowball dance to night at Armour Pavilion by the Women of Woodcraft.

Frank Miner has started the rock crusher to furnish rock for his concrete work contracts.

Let there be a full turnout at the meeting Tuesday evening to discuss the fire tax question.

Miss Phillips was the guest of Mrs. Patchell Wednesday. She starts for Europe in a couple of weeks.

Trust in God, but keep your powder dry by putting your money in South San Francisco real estate.

L. L. Smith, formerly of the Sierra Pt. House, is lying very low at the Six Mile House, San Bruno Road.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

Frank Miner is raising the big barn on Cypress avenue occupied by W. S. Taylor and belonging to W. J. Martin.

Geo. W. Cushing and Mr. Blanchard of Ocean View have the contract for grading the electric road from Holy Cross to Millbrae.

The sale of San Mateo Park lots on Saturday last was a complete success. Fifty-three lots were sold and the sum of \$51,350 realized.

Jos. Debenedetti has sold his one-fourth interest in the Pescadero & San Mateo Stage Co. to Levy Bros., the agents.—Advocate-Pennant.

M. Vanderbenge of San Francisco was in town Sunday. Van looks much as he did eight years ago when he was Deputy Constable in and for this town and township.

The people of Halfmoon Bay are making great preparations for the annual festival of the Espirito Santo, which takes place there on May 18th and 19th.—Leader, San Mateo.

Thursday morning Mrs. R. K. Patchell left for the East to visit relatives. She will be missed by a large circle of friends, who wish her a pleasant journey and a safe return.

Jesse Robb and wife and Pete Thorsen and wife of San Mateo formed a merry quartette who came over to the coastside the first of the week on a fishing excursion.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

Martin Raab and Max Schutt made an excursion to Moss Beach on Saturday last, returning Monday. In company with two friends from the city Martin and Max captured 21 abalones and 84 eels.

C. L. Kauffmann and R. J. Carroll have been appointed by County Clerk Thompson as Deputy County Clerks for the purpose of registering the votes of Baden precinct. Now is the time to register. Don't put it off.

Shirley is selling shoes for cash at cash prices, with a chance for a \$19 cash prize. The next prize at Shirley's will be gold rings to fit any finger. If you don't understand this mention, just ask Shirley to explain.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Arthur Thompson desires to thank the people of South San Francisco for the generous aid extended to him, which has enabled Mr. Thompson to pass a few weeks at Byron Hot Springs, whither he has gone to recover his health.

Mr. Justin Fourcans has a little home vegetable garden and in this little garden he has this season produced the boss cauliflower of this section. The cauliflower weighs 12 pounds and has been on exhibition the past week at the postoffice.

Miss Irene Canavan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Canavan of San Mateo, and William T. Valentine of San Francisco were married on May 31 in Colma by Rev. Father Cooper. C. H. Kellum was best man and Miss Era Canavan bridesmaid.—San Mateo Times.

The ladies of Grace Mission desire to thank the public and friends of the church for their generous support in the entertainment held by them in Michenfelder's Hall last Saturday evening. The entertainment was in every respect a complete success and resulted in netting to the Mission a handsome fund.

After a continuous service of six years and five months with the Western Meat Company at their stockyards here, Mr. R. W. Smith has resigned his position, and will on June 1st remove to San Francisco and take employment with Poly & Heilbron, wholesale butchers, as a buyer for that firm.

SCHOOL NOTES.

A new couch has just been put in the school for the accommodation of children who may be taken ill. Often-times a little rest at school would be better than sending the child home. This article of furniture supplies a long felt want.

The School Musicale bids fair to be a success, for in addition to the songs to be rendered by the children, many of our people and a few outsiders will assist by giving literary or musical

numbers. So far, those who have consented to appear on the program are Miss Miner, Miss Bacher, Miss Lawson, Mrs. Snyder, Mrs. McSweeney, Mrs. Plymire, Mr. DuBois, Mr. Montevardo, Mr. Snyder, Mr. Berlinger, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Huber, Mr. Maar of Redwood and Mr. McGovern of Halfmoon Bay. Others may be added. The proceeds are to be used to purchase a new flag, pictures for the school interior, and to create a fund with which to furnish material for the children's games. The entertainment is to be given in Armour Pavilion on Friday evening, May 23d.

CONTRACT FILED.

Last Saturday a contract was filed in the Recorder's office between the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and F. Lowry of Sacramento. The latter agrees to do the grading and excavating for the double track from San Mateo to Palo Alto. The stipulated price is 13½ cents per cubic yard. The work is to be completed within ninety days. The contractor has already completed the work from Palo Alto to Menlo Park.—Times-Gazette.

FIRE TAX MEETING.

There will be a meeting of the citizens of this town held at the court-room on Tuesday evening, May 20th, to consider the question of voting a tax for fire purposes on May 21st. Every one is invited and a full and free expression of opinions and views desired. Let every one speak his mind and let every one vote understandingly.

Press dispatches received last week indicated that the Southern Pacific had applied to the Transcontinental Passenger Association for authority to put in Colonist rates from the East to California.

The proposition did not prove acceptable to all lines, but in view of the immense benefit which must accrue to California from so great an influx of tourists, homeseekers, health seekers and investors, the Southern Pacific took the bull by the horns and arranged with its connections to take independent action and the rate of \$25 from Omaha, Kansas City and other Missouri River points will go into effect on March 1st for sixty days. The rate from Chicago will be \$33, from St. Louis and New Orleans \$30.

This action on the part of the Southern Pacific will help all sections of California, and the opportunity ought to be seized by every member of the community to bring the advantages and attractions of our State prominently before the visitors.

FOR SALE.

Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

ROUND-TRIP HOMESEKERS' RATES.

To accommodate those who have never seen California, and who may wish to look over the ground before finally deciding to move West, the Southern Pacific, through its Passenger Traffic Manager, Mr. E. O. McCormick, has applied to the Transcontinental Passenger Association for permission to put in very low second-class round-trip rates to California similar to the homeseekers' rates which were made last year, and which brought thousands of settlers to this State. Tickets will be on sale at low rates twice a month, first and third Tuesdays, during March, April and May. The Southern Pacific is deserving of much credit for this action, which cannot fail to be beneficial to California.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE.

Lot 30x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

TOADS IN FOLKLORE.

Sicilian Superstition Concerning the Ugly Little Creatures.

The toad has a prominent place in folklore. We find the ugly little creature distinguished in popular tradition, and that in its most permanent province, in local worship and belief. The survival is so strange in itself and so well fitted to illustrate the primitive character of fairy mythology that it may be accorded particular attention.

According to the statements of Dr. G. Pitre, contained in his excellent account of Sicilian tradition, the faith of that island still recognizes supernatural beings known as donne di fuora (ladies from abroad), also entitled patronesses of the house, who have attributes in common with the fairies of England. Like the latter, during the

nighttime they enter houses, where they expect to find everything in order. Among mortals they have their favorites and enemies. Fortune is considered to result from their kindness, sickness and poverty from their persecution.

It is a peculiar feature of their habits that they visit the domicile not on any evening indifferently, but only on Thursday, making their entrance by the keyhole or by cracks of doors. If day surprises them before they leave the cottage, they change into toads and in this state remain until the following eve, when they are once more at liberty to resume their proper shape of beautiful women. During the interval the toad is sacred, because it is impossible to be sure that any particular one may not in reality be the lady of the house.

Legends abound in which is related the reward or punishment consequent upon the good or ill treatment of a Friday toad. On this day, therefore, the usually unpopular animal is safe from abuse and secure of attention, more especially if it chance to belong to a species possessing a particular arrangement of the cuticle reminiscent of a lady's head of hair. Any person who occupies himself with folklore becomes accustomed to remarkable survivals, yet it does excite astonishment to find so perfect an illustration of prehistoric thought in central Europe of the twentieth century.—International Monthly.

Fantastic Bottles.

Glass in fabric is so beautiful that even grotesque designs cannot entirely rob it of charm; hence the "fantasies in glass" come fitly into collections. Among foreign bottle curios are found Buddha bottles, dragons, sea horses, ships, gondolas, fountains, violins, whales and lion bottles; bottles with horizontal stories or perpendicular divisions and glass jugs with horns or whistles in the handles. American curio bottles show a wide but more practical range, expressing national jocosity in such shapes as cigars, pistols, monuments, eggs, boxing gloves, bird-cages, canteens, lanterns, scallop shells, shoes, slippers, roller skates, barrels, castles, snails, birch bark logs, cones, pyramids, figures of Uncle Sam, Santa Claus and the like.—Century.

Criticizing a Portrait.

Walter Dean, Sr., once hired an artist to paint his portrait, with the stipulation that the picture would not be accepted and paid for unless it looked like himself. When the portrait was completed, it was sent to Mr. Dean, who did not recognize himself and absolutely refused to pay the painter. The painter sued, and Joe Strong, the artist, was called in to give an expert opinion.

"You see the portrait of Mr. Dean?" the lawyer asked.
"No," said Mr. Strong, "I do not."
"There it is," said the lawyer, pointing to the big canvas.
"I don't call that a portrait. I call that a map of Mr. Dean," said Mr. Strong.

Two Mindedness.

High mindedness and right mindedness may profitably be supplemented by "two mindedness," which has been defined as the habit of taking into account what is urged on both sides and trying to combine the essential parts of the two opposing arguments into one higher truth. Magnanimity, honesty, breadth—a trio of qualities worth possessing and the last by no means the least.

Pinching the Sympathy.

Grimes—Doesn't it disgust you to see a youngster trying to make a man of himself by imitating the wiles of his elders?

Harris—Not at all. I cannot help sympathizing with the boy, he evidently so thoroughly enjoys making a fool of himself.—Boston Transcript.

Wise at Last.

Stockton Bonds—Poor Lambiey! He never could get on the right side of the market.

Cutten Kewpons—Oh, but he has been for the last three months or so. Stockton Bonds—Really? What? Cutten Kewpons—The outside. He's quit.—Philadelphia Press.

FIRE TAX ELECTION NOTICE.

Whereas, under and pursuant to an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, entitled "An Act to amend an Act to allow unincorporated towns and villages to equip and maintain a fire department, and to assess and collect taxes from time to time for such purpose, and to create a Board of Commissioners (approved March 4, 1881, Stats., 1881, 26), relating to assessing and collecting said taxes," the Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo, State of California, did, upon a proper petition of more than fifty taxpayers and residents of the unincorporated village of South San Francisco, in said County of San Mateo, State of California, appoint W. J. Martin, D. O. Daggett and Wm. Rehberg as a Board of Fire Commissioners of the village of South San Francisco of the County of San Mateo, State of California, to hold office until the second Monday in April, 1902, and until their successors were elected and qualified; and

Whereas, said Board of Fire Commissioners did fix and establish the fire limits for said village of South San Francisco, and accurately describe the same, in writing, by metes and bounds, as hereinafter set forth; and

San Francisco of the County of San Mateo, State of California;

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of said Board of Fire Commissioners last named said last named Board did fix and establish, by metes and bounds, the fire limits of said village of South San Francisco, as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point where the westerly line of Division street intersects the southerly line of Commercial avenue, thence westerly along said southerly line of Commercial avenue to its intersection with the westerly line of Linden avenue, thence southerly along said westerly line of Linden avenue to its intersection with the northerly line of Railroad avenue, thence westerly along said northerly line of Railroad avenue to its intersection with the easterly line of Magnolia avenue, thence northerly along said easterly line of Magnolia avenue to its intersection with the southerly line of Miller avenue, thence easterly along said southerly line of Miller avenue to its intersection with the easterly side of Maple avenue, thence northerly along the easterly line of Maple avenue to its intersection with the southerly line of Armour avenue, thence easterly along said southerly line of Armour avenue to its intersection with the westerly line of Division street, thence in a southerly direction along said westerly line of Division street to the place of beginning, all as shown in Plat No. 1 of South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California, recorded in Liber 2 of Maps, at page 12, March 1st, A. D. 1892, San Mateo County Records, and also Plat No. 2, subdivision of Blocks 98, 99, 119 and 122, South San Francisco, California, recorded November 10, 1900, in Map Book 3, page 4, San Mateo County Records; and that said Board did thereafter file a copy, subscribed by them, of said fire limits so fixed, established and described, in the office of the County Recorder of the County of San Mateo, State of California; and

Notice is hereby given to the electors residing within the fire limits above described that in accordance with the provisions of said Act of the Legislature of the State of California, approved March 6, 1899, an election will be held on the 21st day of May, A. D. 1902, at the courtroom of the Justice of the Peace of the First Township of the County of San Mateo, State of California, in said South San Francisco, San Mateo County, at which time will be submitted to said electors the question whether a tax shall be levied and raised for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a fire department for the said village of South San Francisco, of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and for protecting the same from loss by fire, and whether a tax shall be levied upon property within said fire limits and collected, sufficient to raise the sum of Six Hundred (\$600) Dollars with which to purchase hose and an additional sum of Two Hundred (\$200) Dollars with which to house said hose.

The polls will be opened and the election held at said courtroom of the Justice of the Peace of the First Township of the County of San Mateo, State of California, in said South San Francisco, on said 21st day of May, A. D. 1902, and the polls will be open from 8 o'clock a. m. until 5 o'clock p. m. of said day.

F. Miner, J. L. Wood and M. J. Hawes will act as judges of said election, and H. J. Vandenberg and C. T. Connelly will act as clerks of said election, to conduct the same.

That at such election the ballots contain the words: "Tax—yes," or "Tax—no."

That the amount of money to be raised is \$600 for the purchase of hose, and \$200 for housing said hose; said election will be held as provided by law and as nearly as practicable in conformity with the general election law.

Board of Fire Commissioners of the village of South San Francisco, of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

D. O. DAGGETT,
H. GAERDES,
THOMAS MASON.

Members of and constituting the Board of Fire Commissioners of the village of South San Francisco, of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

Dated, May 6th, A. D. 1902.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at strong prices and are in demand. Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at strong prices. Poultry—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are 7½¢ (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9½¢; 2d quality, 8¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7½¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½¢; thin Cows, 4¢.

HOGS—Hard grain-fed, 250 lbs. and under 6½¢; over 250 to 300 lbs., 5½¢; rough heavy hogs, 4½¢.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 7½¢; Ewes, 4¢; 4¢; 30 lb. sheep, 3¢ less. Yearling Lambs, 5½¢; per lb live wt; Spring Lambs, 5½¢.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs., alive gross weight, 5½¢; over 250 lbs., 4½¢; 4½¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7½¢; second quality, 7½¢; first quality cows and heifers, 6½¢; second quality, 6½¢; third quality, 5¢.

VEAL—Large, 8½¢; small, good, 9¢; 9½¢; common, 6¢.

MUTTON—Wethers, 8½¢; Ewes, 8½¢; Yearling Lambs, 9¢; Spring Lambs, 11¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9½¢; picnic hams, 9½¢; Atlanta ham, 10¢; New York, shoulder, 9¢.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15¢; light S. C. bacon, 14¢; med. bacon, clear, 12½¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 14¢; clear light, 14¢; 14¢; clear ex. light bacon, 15¢.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl., \$13.50; hf. bbl., \$7.00; Family Beef, bbl., \$13.00; hf. bbl., \$6.75; Extra Mess, bbl., \$13.00; hf. bbl., \$6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11½¢; do, light, 11½¢; do, Bellies, 11½¢; Extra Clear, bbls., \$24.00; hf. bbls., \$12.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf. bbls., \$4.15; do, kits, \$1.10.

LARD—Prices are 10¢: Tcs. ¾-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 8¼ 8¼ 8¼ 8¼ 9 9½ Cal. pure 11½ 11½ 1 ¾ 11½ 12½ 12½ In 3-lb tins price on each is ½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.35; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; 1s, \$1.35.

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THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and

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BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

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Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

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South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

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BOOTS : and : SHOES.

Constantly on hand and for sale Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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Assets, - - - \$175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,

Redwood City, Cal.

A SONG OF CHOICE.

When up the valleys Spring
Comes laughing lovingly,
And gold and tawny wing
Make melody.
Then hey for meadow air,
With my love there!

When Summer's haze and heat
The dreamy landscape blur,
And drowsing in the wheat
The crickets chirr,
Then hey for mountain air,
With my love there!

When largess from her urn
The lavish Autumn spills,
And sunset splendors burn
On all the hills,
Then hey for woodland air,
With my love there!

When Winter grips the land,
And chains the long blue lakes,
And snows with open hand
The fleece-white flakes,
Then hey for ingle air,
With my love there!

-Delineator.

STORY OF A CORRESPONDENCE.

MY Dear Mr. Miller—I promised you once—it was quite a while ago, to be sure, but then it was a promise—that some day I would write a letter to you. To-day seems a good time to do it. I am in very blue spirits, and decidedly irritated against life in general. The thermometer is 10 below zero, and the avenue is filled with racing clouds of dust. Here, in Colorado Springs, when the wind blows, everybody quarrels with life, and I am no exception. And as you used to be a very bracing person to quarrel with, the idea of writing to you seems a happy one, even after four years.

I take for granted that you are still in Philadelphia. Philadelphia is so unlike Colorado Springs! People live in Philadelphia—they spend whole existences there, and are buried there when they die. Here, in Colorado Springs, people visit; they don't live. In four years everybody changes; one's whole visiting list fades away like a dream, and changes, like a kaleidoscope, into an entirely new set of acquaintances and intimates. I have had thirteen intimate friends in four years, and all lost to me now forever—is not that a striking reminder of the transitoriness of life? One is in Mexico, one in Rome, one in a convent at Paris, two in New York, one in India, one in Louisville, one on the Nile, two in Chicago, and three have died. Everybody who does not die here goes away, before long, to the ends of the earth, as you see. In comparison, Philadelphia must be a place of solid and enduring social relations. I am in the mood to-day to envy the rooted security of a Philadelphian!

"Do you remember how you used to laugh at my father's investments in mining stocks out here, four years ago? Well, they have turned out a stroke of financial genius, after all, and made our fortune. It is rather exciting being rich—and rather dull, too. And now, having kept my promise most generously, to the extent of six pages, it is time to stop. I hear you echo the sentiment—but I am, notwithstanding.

"Cordially yours,

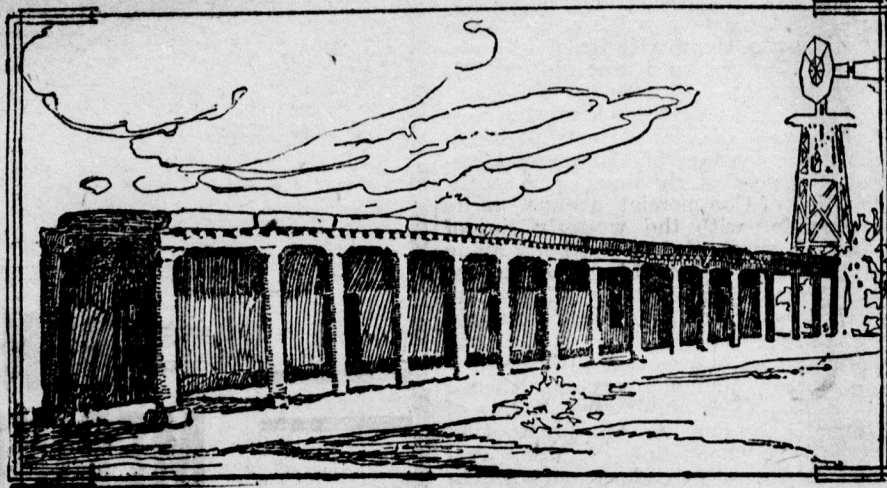
"ISABEL BROWN."

The young man smiled as he laid down the letter on his desk, amid the business papers that crowded it. "She was a bright girl," he said to himself, "but I never thought she would write that sort of a letter. Too impersonal, somehow. She writes a very pretty hand, though."

Perhaps it was the four years' perspective into which the attractive acquaintance of a summer at Mackinac had receded, that gave this effect to his mind. At any rate, he remembered her as she was that last afternoon, when they stood in the old fort, looking over the houses of the picturesque, gay colored little town, to the blue lake water beyond. They had not been impersonal at all that day, but very much the opposite—and he had realized since, more than at the time, how very near he had been to being in love with her, and how much one week more of intimacy might have meant to them both. How he had hoped that she would write—though she had only smiled at his request, and promised that some day she might. He had not forgotten, and he had really never liked any other woman so well. And now she had written. Why? Was it just one of those inconsistent little impulses of hers that he had found so charming four years ago—or did it mean more? The only answer to that question, manifestly, was to answer the letter at once. And though the business correspondence was attended to promptly that day, yet a summer afternoon, and a speaking pair of dark eyes, were more in the writer's thoughts than was at all necessary.

It was surprising, after his answer was sent, and the correspondence began thus tentatively, how soon it grew and thrived, and increased. Miss Isabel Brown's postman, hastening along the wide and dusty avenues of Colorado Springs, brought at shorter and shorter intervals, longer and longer letters from Philadelphia; while Mr. George W. Miller's desk in the large city offices of that wealthy firm of which he was junior partner was never long without a specimen of Miss Brown's handwriting. It was a revelation, at both ends of the line, how much one could put on paper for a sympathetic reader, and how intimate a knowledge one gains of a special correspondent, from week to week. Mr. Miller soon learned that he had never

MRS. SHERIDAN'S BIRTHPLACE.



Ravages of time and the demand for improvement continues to destroy much that is of historical interest, and one of the buildings soon to be torn down is the birthplace of Mrs. Phil Sheridan, in old Albuquerque, New Mexico. The "palace" is the most pretentious building "Old Town" ever possessed. Built in the seventeenth century, it was the official residence of the local governor until after the Mexican war, when it was used as quarters for the American officers. It was when her father, Maj. Rucker, commanded the garrison at Old Albuquerque that Mrs. Sheridan was born.

Aside from the interest attached to this, the building passed through all the turbulence of early Indian warfare, and its thick walls were a refuge from many Indian attacks. The remains of a large adobe corral stand at the rear of the building into which the stock could be driven and in which the refugees could successfully withstand a siege for several days. Its walls are adobe, two feet thick. The pillars are made of pine logs, and the architecture of the veranda is characteristic of the time.

really known a girl before—that is, never understood one—and that Miss Brown's tastes, Miss Brown's individuality, exactly and continually satisfied and delighted him; while Miss Brown felt that she never could have believed that George Miller could develop such attractive traits and such a thoroughly congenial set of ideas and aspirations. They were a revelation to each other—first a monthly, then a weekly, then almost a daily, revelation. It matters not how often such a discovery is made, in each new case it is equally astonishing and suggestive, and leads inevitably to the further discovery that letter writing has its limits, and needs the supplement of personal intercourse to perfect its delights. When anyone is astonished to learn that six months later Mr. George W. Miller himself arrived at Colorado Springs, one September morning, with three of Isabel's last letters in his inside vest pocket, and a pre-occupation so great that he paid no attention to Pike's Peak at all? Isabel, on her side, was not in the least surprised when he was announced at No. — Cascade avenue, for his last letter—well, she was quite ready to welcome him, and prepared to descend the stairs without any symptoms of astonishment, except that her heart was beating with most inconvenient quickness, and her cheeks were as red as the heart of a June rose.

This being the state of the young people's feelings it is somewhat strange to be obliged to chronicle that when Miss Brown entered the drawing room and Mr. Miller rose eagerly at her approach, they should have stood looking at each other as if turned to stone. For fully two minutes not a word was interchanged; then the lady, with a gasp, sank down in the nearest chair and covered her face with her hands, while the young man, bending over her, murmured awkwardly:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brown—is it Miss Brown?"

"Yes, it is!" returned the girl, sitting up defiantly, her blue eyes ablaze and her slender figure full of angry grace. "What right have you, sir, to ask me such a question, when you are masquerading under somebody else's name yourself?"

"I was baptized George Wharton Miller," returned the young man, with equal bitterness, "and my parents are therefore responsible for the 'masquerading.'"

"Wharton?" cried Miss Brown. "I never heard of you before! I never wrote to George Wharton Miller—the right name is George Washington Miller!"

Mr. Miller sat gravely down in the nearest chair—she was certainly distracting pretty—and regarded her with a return to his Philadelphia calmness of manner.

"Your letter was addressed to George W. Miller," he said slowly, "and the postman made a natural mistake, since our firm is the most important of the name. Probably there are ten George Washington Millers in Philadelphia. But that doesn't explain how Miss Isabel Brown, of Colorado Springs—"

"Oh—why, of course—I never thought," cried the young woman, embarrassment succeeding anger—"that is, of course, I thought your answer was to me; but my cousin, Isabella Brown, used to live in Colorado Springs until two years ago, when she—she married, you know, and went to live in Chicago. I never thought, of course—oh, isn't it dreadful! And where is George Washington Miller—he ought to be in Philadelphia, somewhere!"

"I daresay he is, at this moment," replied George Wharton Miller, with increasing mastery of the situation. "And I don't see anything to do but to leave him there, and leave Miss Isabella Brown, that was, in Chicago, and think no more about them. Our correspondence has been with each other, after all, you see, and not with them."

"Oh!" said Isabel. "But—but I've known George Miller, really, for years—it was easy to write to him."

"I don't believe," said the other George Miller, judicially, "that you know him half as well as you know me."

Miss Brown blushed. She did not look angry at all, and was, decidedly, prettier than ever—much prettier than Isabella had ever been. Had he really known Isabella at all? No, certainly not; Isabella had never corresponded with him.

"I am sure," he went on, rather stumbly this time, "that I know you better than I do any other woman in the world. Haven't I told you—well, just everything, in my letters? And you really cared, you know—you said so. It's the personality, the—the soul, that goes into a letter. We know each other, and I—why, I can't let you go, just because I'm not acquainted with you! Don't you see—don't you feel—"

"Yes," said Isabel, faintly. "But—but—you're such a perfect stranger, you know!"

And then, suddenly, a mischievous twinkle sparkled in her blue eyes, a distracting dimple hovered in her cheek, and she began to laugh, which swept the young man along in its merry current till he finally joined in heartily. They laughed until the tears came to their eyes; they could not stop; the inexhaustible perfection of the joke opened before them in new waves of merriment. It was a laugh of deep and sympathetic comradeship; and when they ceased, exhausted with mirth, and looked into each other's eyes, it was as if they had known each other for years.

"But wasn't it queer," said Isabel, an hour or so later, "that Isabella should have met you at Mackinac, and I should have been there later that season, with your namesake in the party? Do you know, I always wondered why you referred with so much earnestness to Mackinac, because—I actually snubbed him, most unkindly, that summer. My letter was really a kind of tardy apology to him—and he never got it."

"Do you wish he had?" said George.

"When I am better acquainted with you, perhaps I can tell," said Isabel, with a demure smile.

And George knew, then and there, that the letter had come to the right address—for him.—Waverley.

AN INTERRUPTED LUNCHEON.

Roll Call Necessitates Senators Leaving Their Guest and Oysters.

Senator Hoar gave a luncheon at the capitol, at which the guest of honor was Earl de Grey, the British economist, who is making a tour of this country. Invited to meet him were Moreton Frewen, George Westinghouse, General Manager Kendrick of the Santa Fe Road, and a large contingent of Senators, including Frye, Lodge, Aldrich, Kean, Hanna, Warren, Hale, Platt of Connecticut, Burrows, Elkins, Foraker, Depew, Spooner and McMillan. The table was spread in the room of the judiciary committee and presented a beautiful appearance, with its wealth of flowers, handsome china and cut glass. The menu, of course, says the Washington Post, was epicurean.

But the interesting fact concerning the luncheon occurred after all the guests were seated and the oysters had been served. Then some one upstairs in the Senate chamber, suddenly discovering that many desks were empty, suggested that a quorum ought to be called. The bells were rung, and, of course, they sounded in the impromptu lunch-room. The Senators looked at one another. They did not want to leave the hospitable board, and yet their duty called them away. Duty won the day. They filed upstairs, only to find that Senator Clay was about to begin a speech on the ship subsidy bill. As they entered the chamber their less fortunate colleagues who had not been invited to the luncheon gave them a laughing greeting.

The Senators answered to their names and then went back to the table. After that they were not disturbed.

A Smasher.

"Did you hear that Cholly's automobile had broken the record?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"No, but I'm not surprised," replied Mrs. Perkins. "I suppose he lost control of it. What else did it break?"—Detroit Free Press.

How Ancestors Come in Handy.

"They are always bragging about their ancestors."

"Yes; it's safer. If they spoke well of themselves, you know, people would know it wasn't so."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Butterflies in America.

No less than 185 species of butterflies are found in Mexico and Central America.

If a married woman can't ever understand what a girl can have to cry for, it is one sign that her husband is cross to her.

IN THE OIL COUNTRY.

"BRINGING IN" A GUSHER NEAR BEAUMONT, TEXAS.

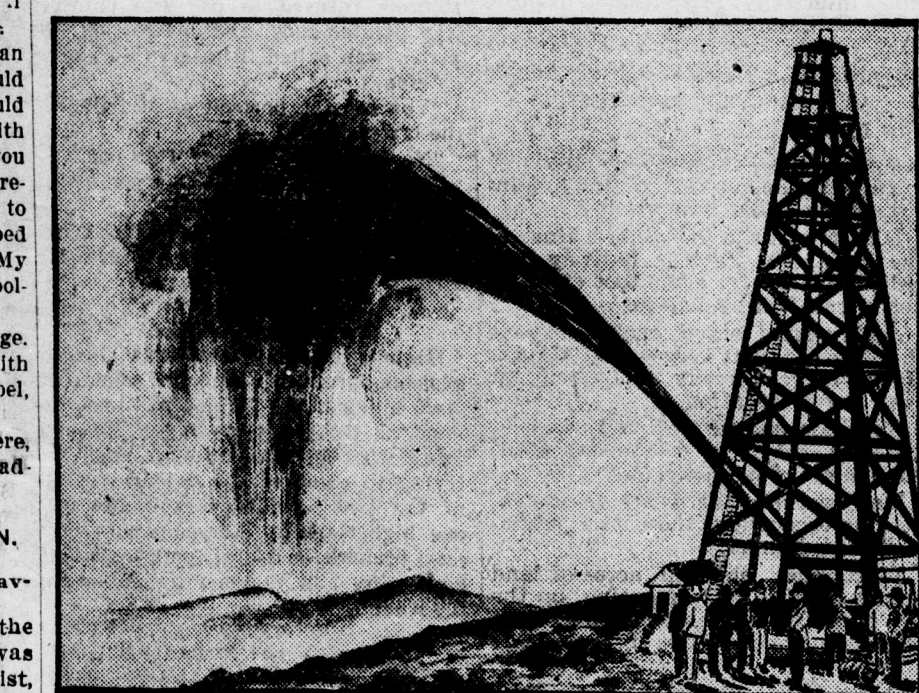
Tales of the Great Boom When Fortunes Were Made in a Day—The Initial Discovery of Oil and the Development of the Oil Industry.

The chase of oil is almost as fascinating as the chase of gold. And, in the main it is nearly, if not quite, as profitable. The greatest oil field in the country to-day is in Texas, with the town of Beaumont as its center. Other fields—notably those of Pennsylvania and Ohio, are probably more remunerative at the present, but the Texan, in looking into the future, sees his own State far overshadowing all others in the oil industry. The future of oil in Texas is, beyond cavil, bound to be sensational. For that matter, it is sensational already. Nowhere else on earth has so much ever been accomplished in so short a time; nowhere else have lands worth barely a few cents an acre advanced in value far up into the thousands as they have in the Beaumont district. Nowhere else, in fact, has development been as rapid and remunerative. And as yet, the Texas oil industry is in its infancy, though millions of dollars have changed hands since its start.

The advance of any wonderful boom, whether in gold, oil or anything else, is always attended with marvelous stories of individual strikes and consequent enormous profits. Beaumont is no exception to this rule. It is but little more than a year since Beaumont's first car of oil was sent into the outside world. Since that time more than 2,000,000 of barrels have been exported, there are now nearly 3,000,000 of barrels in storage and probably 1,500,000 of barrels have been wasted before the gushers could be capped or controlled.

The Beaumont Fields.

When the oil excitement was at its height in Beaumont, the influx of people was so great that trains were daily run between that city and Houston, a distance of a hundred miles, so that people could obtain hotel accommodations. Some men with little more than the clothes they wore organized companies with capital of millions—on pa-



A TEXAS SPOUTER AT THE FIRST GUSH OF OIL.

per. Anything in the shape of a lease or land title was foundation enough for an airy structure to attract the attention of the gullible. The lust for money was rampant. It was all a gamble. If fortune smiled, you made a million; if not, you lost what you had. But everybody seemed willing to take the chance, to the full extent of his pile.

Prices paid for land in the oil district were fabulous. Two negroes, living in tumble-down shacks, received for them \$10,000 each. Men who wanted to start a bank paid \$10,000 for the privilege of using a little barber shop, and the same amount was paid to a small dry goods dealer whose lease was wanted by speculators. A firm paid \$150 a month for the use of a platform 8x10, on which to conduct their operations. Land went from \$1 to \$100,000 an acre in a few days.

"Old Man" Higgins.

"Old Man" Higgins, who had been looked upon for some time as a crank, is the man who is responsible for Beaumont's boom. For five or six years he had been talking about the possibilities of striking oil at Spindle Top, his talk at last becoming so incessant and wearisome that the people refused longer to listen to him. That there was oil in southwest Texas was conceded, but that Spindle Top had great possibilities in that direction was looked upon as absurd.

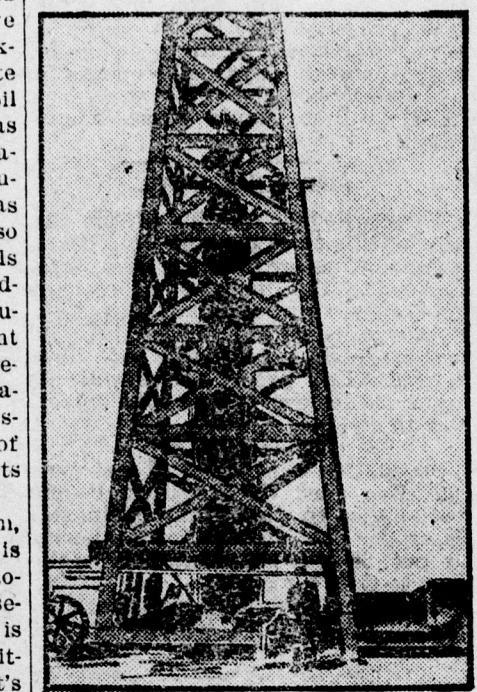
At last, however, "Old Man" Higgins succeeded in interesting George W. Carroll, president of a lumber company and a wealthy resident. Carroll put up the cash and Higgins began the search. The first well struck oil at about 500 feet, but quicksand stopped operations. This was repeated in a second well. Then Carroll drew out and the "folly" of Higgins and Carroll was the joke of the town. An observant man named Lucas did not believe the venture was an entire failure, however. He leased a small patch near by and sunk a shaft 800 feet, finding oil and being stopped, as were the others, by quicksand. Believing that if this vein of quicksand could be pierced oil would be struck below it, Lucas went to Pittsburg, and after much hard work obtained enough capital to bore a well deep enough so

that his theory could be thoroughly tested. When the drill had passed through the quicksand, what is claimed as the greatest reservoir in the world was struck, and in a night Beaumont went crazy.

Scores of Spouters.

There are now in the district between 150 and 100 spouters. As one consequence, coal, the lowest price for which had hitherto been \$6 a ton, is now very rarely used in southeast Texas, oil having taken its place as fuel.

Within four months, \$2,000,000 was spent in advertising Beaumont oil companies, some of the concerns having least merit advertising the most. A good share of these companies were



THE FIRST SPOUT.

swindles, pure and simple. Opportunities for bunko games were many and were all improved.

Most of the manufacturing plants in southern Texas have given up coal and are using oil as fuel. This at first costs considerable, but the saving is great, after the first start is made. One firm which paid \$1,200 for the necessary alterations in their furnaces, says that amount was saved in the first six months. Several of the divisions of the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific railroads have also given up coal for oil. Arrangements are being made for pip-



ing the fluid even as far away as New Orleans, where, it is asserted, it is to be distributed to houses in the same way as gas.

"Bringing in" a Well.

The two engravings accompanying this article were made from snapshot photographs taken at the "bringing in" of a gusher at Beaumont. After the drill had been sent through the quicksand and the cap rock, the flinty substance which is the roof of the cavern in which the oil has long been stored, it was known that success had crowned the efforts of the drillers after just a year of labor. The drill was immediately hoisted out of the 1,100-foot pipe which incased it, and the bailer was brought into use. This is a bucket fastened to a contrivance which forces it down into the tube and then pulls it back out full of the mud, water and grease which weighs down the oil at the bottom. With each dip of the bailer, gas rises higher in the pipe, and when the pressure has been reduced to a point where it is less than that of the gas and oil underneath the flow commences.

Along toward the last the bucket came up with so much gas emulsified with the mixture of mud and water that the contents of the bucket fairly boiled. Then came a time of great anxiety. Would she come in with a rush, shoot the bailer away up through the top of the derrick and send out a great shower of greasy rain in all directions, or would she come softly, with a heavy, smooth flow? It was an exciting moment, when what was believed to be the last trip of the bailer was commenced. Then, as the bucket came up there came with it a gush of brown foam.

Then slowly, majestically, arose a fountain of green fluid until there was a steady stream of oil reaching nearly to the top of the derrick. Suddenly there was a whish of gas, as the last vestige of pressure over the oil reservoir was removed and with a roar the great jet arose far above the derrick. The drillers then congratulated one another most joyfully, for, to all appearances, the well was equal to a flow of 25,000 barrels a day, should its full capacity ever be necessary.

At this time the wind was blowing a gale and it was thought there would be less danger to the derrick and well if the stream were turned to one side. The gate valve was quickly shut, the joint was placed and the pipe was shifted. Again the gate was turned and out rushed a stream with a swish and a roar loud enough to be heard at a great distance.

And that is how a great gusher is brought in. It is a time of great excitement, among both spectators and operators, and its consummation is marked by a great tooting of engine whistles and yelling of men.

The large picture accompanying this article was taken at the instant the great stream of oil shot out of the pipe after it had been turned to one side of the derrick. The small picture shows the same well when the first flow had nearly reached its height.

Oil in the United States.

In the production of petroleum, the United States leads the world, though oil was used in Eastern countries, notably China, long before the dawn of history. In Japan and Persia, it has been obtained from dug wells for centuries. Springs of petroleum have long been known in the Caucasus mountains and the Russian oil fields are world famous.

The first mention of oil in the United States was made by a Franciscan missionary who found it in Allegheny County, N. Y., before 1632. This oil, which came to the surface in springs, was used by the Indians for medicinal purposes. It was not until 1859 that the petroleum business of the United States reached any great height. Previous to that year, kerosene had, to a limited extent, been manufactured out of coal. The first well was "brought in" at the place where Titusville, Pa., now stands, on Aug. 30, 1859. Oil was struck at a depth of but 69 feet.

The scenes enacted there at that time have been duplicated at the opening of every new field since. Speculators flocked in from every part of the United States and Oil Creek became famous. Within a very few years, hundreds of wells were drilled along the tributaries of the Allegheny river.

From Pennsylvania, the oil excitement extended westward until hundreds of wells had been sunk east of the Mississippi river in any and all places where for any reason the discovery of oil might be expected. Most of these wells were failures, but the excitement had the result of opening up many new fields, notably in western Pennsylvania, in parts of Ohio and in sections of West Virginia, Kentucky and Indiana. In Ohio and Indiana, natural gas came as a secondary discovery and this product is now piped in great quantities to many cities, notably Chicago and Buffalo. In the latter city, the use of natural gas for heating and cooking purposes is general. In Chicago but a limited part of the city is served, though the pipes of the company supplying the gas are being extended rapidly.

The Pacific coast oil fields were first worked in 1865, though the early wells were improperly located and failed to produce oil in paying quantities. Between 1880 and 1887 these fields fell into the hands of Eastern oil men of experience, who, after much experimenting and many unsuccessful attempts, struck oil in several counties of California. Wells in Ventura and Los Angeles Counties, some of the latter being right in the city of Los Angeles, have been profitable producers ever since. Other oil regions of comparatively large value were uncovered in Wyoming and Colorado.

Commercial petroleum is found in Russia in large quantities, as well as in Austria. Oil fields in Peru produce the fluid to a limited extent, but the output is steadily increasing under proper management.

Oil wells in the Pennsylvania fields are almost invariably "shot" with nitro-glycerin, contrary to the bailing method of Texas.

Tests for Petroleum.

The tests of kerosene, the common burning fluid which is the most important product of petroleum, are made for the purpose of ascertaining at what temperature it will take fire and also to find what proportion of naphtha, if any, is held in the oil. At ordinary temperatures, kerosene should extinguish a match as readily as water; it should not produce an inflammable vapor under 110 degrees F., and should not take fire below 125 degrees F. In making tests, it is always remembered that even a very small proportion of naphtha is exceedingly dangerous. The first, or flashing test, is made for the purpose of determining the lowest temperature at which an inflammable gas is given off; the second, or burning test, shows the lowest point at which the oil itself is inflammable.

What Makes Great Successes.

It took me some time to learn, but I did learn, that the supremely great managers, such as you have these days, never do any work themselves worth speaking about; their point is to make others work while they think. I applied this lesson in after life, so that business with me has never been a care. My young partners did the work and I did the laughing, and I commend to you the thought that there is very little success where there is little laughter. The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away his discomforts is the man sure to rise, for it is what we do easily, and what we like to do, that we do well.—Andrew Carnegie.

Work of Watch Wheels.

The main wheel of a watch makes 1,400 revolutions a year, the central wheel 8,760, the third wheel 70,080, the fourth 525,600, and the scape-wheel 4,781,860.

Where Allspice Grows.
The island of Jamaica produces about all the allspice that is used. It is known also as pimento, or Jamaica pepper. The tree on which the berries grow is evergreen, and the flowers grow in dense clusters. These develop into small green aromatic berries, the size of black pepper. If allowed to ripen, they become pulpy and lose some of their pungency. For commercial purposes the berries are gathered when green, carefully dried in the sun and afterward packed in bags holding 100 to 180 pounds and shipped. Pimento trees grow in many parts of tropical America, but nowhere do they thrive as in Jamaica. The trees are never planted by man and receive no cultivation worthy of the name. The seeds are dropped by the birds, and the rains and the tropical sun do the rest. Surplus trees are cut down and become walking sticks and umbrella handles. This spice is more mild and innocent than most other spices.

Austrian Bulls.
Here are a few "bulls" that have been perpetrated from time to time in the Austro-Hungarian parliament: "One most important point of the agricultural question is the maintenance of the breed of horses to which I have the honor to belong."
"We are here for the weal and woe of our constituents."
"Gentlemen, consider this question in the light of a dark future."
"The eye of the law weighs heavily on our press legislation."
"There, gentlemen, is the ever changing point of which the opposition has made a hobbyhorse."
"This taint is the same old sea serpent which for years and years has been gnawing in this assembly."

University of Athens.
The University of Athens is very old. It is conducted on the German plan. Most of the professors are graduates of German universities, and the German language is heard about the building more frequently than any other except Greek. The institution has a large amount of property, and several of the chairs have been handsomely endowed by private individuals.

Eruptions

Dry, moist, scaly, tetter, all forms of eczema or salt rheum, pimples and other cutaneous eruptions proceed from humors, either inherited, or acquired through defective digestion and assimilation.

To treat these eruptions with drying medicines is dangerous.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Which thoroughly cleanse the blood, expelling all humors and building up the whole system. They cure

Hood's Sarsaparilla permanently cured J. G. Hines, Frank, Ill., of eczema, from which he had suffered for some time, and Miss Alvina, Walter, Box 212, Algona, Wis., of pimples on her face and back and chafed skin on her body, by which she had been greatly troubled. There are more testimonials in favor of Hood's than can be published.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Be charitable in passing judgment upon those who have had a hard time in life.

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS.
Small, delicious, chocolate coated pellets for Constipation, Biliousness, Sick-headaches, Dyspepsia, Etc. 10c, 25c box. At all drug stores.

Name one single good thing that comes from whiskey.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Enderley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Don't blame the boy for being like the father.

HOW'S THIS?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

W. & T. TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. & T. TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is said that women who marry for reasons other than love seldom become the mothers of handsome children. Love begets beauty.

Lost Hair

"My hair came out by the handful, and the gray hairs began to creep in. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it stopped the hair from coming out and restored the color."
—Mrs. M. D. Gray, No. Salem, Mass.

There's a pleasure in offering such a preparation as Ayer's Hair Vigor. It gives to all who use it such satisfaction. The hair becomes thicker, longer, softer, and more glossy. And you feel so secure in using such an old and reliable preparation.

1.00 a bottle. All druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

What is Ovaritis?

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation. On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?



Mrs. Anna Astor.
holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory is at Lynn, Mass. Write a letter telling all your symptoms and get the benefit of the greatest experience in treating female ills.
"I was suffering to such an extent from ovarian trouble that my physician thought an operation would be necessary."
"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My entire system was toned up, and I suffered no more with my ovaries."—Mrs. Anna Astor, Troy, Mo.

WASHING SHEEP.

A correspondent desires to know whether it pays to wash sheep before shearing, says the National Stockman. That depends entirely on the way sheep are kept, the locality, and above all the established method of handling wool in that locality. Washing sheep does not pay where they are housed and fed, having a large quantity of oil in the fleece, and where buyers will pay for wool according to its condition and shrinkage. But where sheep run outdoor most or all of the winter, and where buyers insist on unwashed fleeces it is necessary to wash before shearing, because as usually washed there will not be a shrinkage of 10 per cent in the fleece. Washing is injurious to the sheep, especially to the ewe suckling and to her lamb, and it should no longer be necessary anywhere.

Ewes with young lambs should be fed generously to force the flow of milk. Some feed less grain for five or six weeks before parturition, fearing the lamb will get too large and cause trouble. I find it better to increase rather than shorten the ration. A strong, robust lamb from the start is desirable. Extra feed gives the mother strength to pass through parturition without after shrinkage. By giving ewes plenty of rough room the lambs when very young will begin to pick up the grain. I find that when lambs need grain in the fall they take to it at once, which they otherwise would not do.

ADVANTAGE OF HORSE CLIPPING.
The New England Farmer makes these points in favor of the practice of clipping horses:

1. The natural process of moulting or shedding the hair is a draft on the vitality of the animal. The appetite is diminished and with a work or pleasure horse exertion is in some degree during this period. Clipping or artificial removal of the hair, accomplishes in a very short time what nature requires much more time to do. In other words, nature is anticipated in her work, and the animal's system is saved the call upon it.

2. A clipped horse is less liable to take cold than a long-coated horse, because the evaporation of perspiration is much more rapid. A "hot" horse will cool off quicker with a short coat. Every groom is aware of this fact.

3. A clipped horse requires less fuel (food) to maintain bodily heat than the long-coated horse; therefore, clipping as a matter of economy should be generally practiced.

4. A clipped horse looks cleaner, acts more sprightly and keeps in better health. Horses intended for the sale or show ring should be clipped at least two weeks before the event. There will be a marked improvement in weight and appearance, with manifest advantage to the owner's pocket-book.

According to the annual report from creameries and cheese factories there are now 125 creameries and 85 cheese factories. The increased production of these has been during the year 40 per cent of that of cheese and that of butter 25 per cent.

In producing cheap meat and healthful meat remember there is nothing that can equal the sheep. You should raise enough to supply the table if nothing more.

The Economical Mule.

The mule is ready to begin work two or three years earlier than the horse. He can be put to pretty heavy pulling when he is three years old, and from that time until he is forty, if he has fair treatment and does not meet with an accident, he is not likely to lose any time. He is not subject to the many ailments to which the horse is a victim, at least not to any great degree. He lives about twice as long, and his actual period of usefulness is nearly three times as long, for the horse is really not fit for heavy service until he is five years old or after he is twenty, while a mule will often do good service for forty years, and they have been known to work fifty, according to one writer, without being turned out at any time during all that long period.

Like the ass, the mule will live upon next to nothing, and during all his forty years of hard service a mule will not require—and generally does not get—half the feed necessary to sustain a horse during his much shorter period of usefulness.

The East and the West.

A man from the west who was recently visiting Maine fell into conversation with a quiet old farmer on a train. He was full of the greatness of the west and talked about the big farms and big crops of his particular section and wound up by saying, "I suppose you do manage to pick up a living on these little Maine farms."

The old Maine farmer smiled sadly and replied: "Yes, and a few years ago some of us invested money in your section, and it is there yet. It was a permanent investment, I guess."

The western man changed the conversation.—New York Tribune.

Care For Hiccough.

Hiccough usually attacks persons of nervous temperament and young children who have overindulged the stomach. It may also be induced by eating foods which have been too highly seasoned.

The most useful remedy and perhaps the most inoffensive and the best consists in sucking a piece of sugar which has previously been steeped in vinegar or drinking a spoonful of good vinegar in which some sugar has been dissolved.

If this is not at once successful, a second spoonful is certain to be so.

A Hungry Musician.

During the siege of Ladysmith an officer who was organizing a concert to keep up his men's cheerfulness heard of a sergeant in the Gordons who was said to be a performer. He found the said sergeant and asked him to contribute his services.

The sergeant was sorry, but said he "couldn't."

"Why," said the officer, "you do play something, don't you?"

"I did, sir."

"The bones, sir—b'at I've ate 'em!"

Modern Instance.

"And now," he said, "we will see what our old friend the apostle Paul has to say. Step up here, Paul, and give us your testimony."

No, the speaker wasn't a flippant prosecuting attorney in the celebrated trial before Felix.

It was the Rev. Mr. Seventy, the popular pastor of the Blank Avenue church, who was preaching a doctrinal sermon.—Chicago Tribune.

His Position in Politics.

"He's going in for politics. Wouldn't he make a splendid diplomat, though?"

"What? Why, he's a deaf mute."

"Exactly. Just think how easy it would be for him to be absolutely dumb when it was expedient."

"Yes, but then he could never talk without showing his hand."—Philadelphia Record.

Hook—That young married couple

appear to be two souls with but a single thought.

Nye—Yes. He thinks he's the only thing on earth, and she agrees with him.—Philadelphia Record.

ECZEMA'S

ITCH IS TORTURE.

Eczema is caused by an acid humor in the blood coming in contact with the skin and producing great redness and inflammation; little pustular eruptions form and discharge a thin, sticky fluid, which dries and scales off; sometimes the skin is hard, dry and fissured. Eczema in any form is a tormenting, stubborn disease, and the itching and burning at times are almost unbearable; the acid burning humor seems to ooze out and set the skin on fire. Sores, washes and other external applications do any real good, for as long as the poison remains in the blood it will keep the skin irritated.

BAD FORM OF TETTER.

"For three years I had Tetters on my hands, which caused them to swell to twice their natural size. Part of the time the disease was in the form of running sores, very painful, and causing me much discomfort. Four doctors said the Tetters had progressed too far to be cured, and they could do nothing for me. I took only three bottles of S. S. S. and was completely cured. This was fifteen years ago, and I have never since seen any of my old trouble."—Mrs. L. B. Jackson, 144 McCrete St., Kansas City, Mo.

S. S. S. neutralizes this acid poison, cools the blood and restores it to a healthy, natural state, and the rough, unhealthy skin becomes soft, smooth and clear. It cures Tetters, Erysipelas, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and all skin diseases due to a poisoned condition of the blood. Send for our book and write us about your case. Our physicians have made these diseases a life study, and can help you by their advice; we make no charge for this service. All correspondence is conducted in strictest confidence. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
Ben H. Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
GENTLENESS MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.
Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Ben H. Wood*
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

He Won the Youngster.

The Rev. Dr. Mackenzie of San Francisco was once calling on a new parishioner who had a "limb" of a boy. She had invited the doctor to dine. "Willie," she said to her hopeful, "pass Dr. Mackenzie a potato."

Willie seized the potato between thumb and finger, and before his mother could utter a horrified remonstrance he had tossed it across the table and squarely into the good man's lap.

"Judgment!" cried Willie.

"One strike!" quoted the quick-witted clergyman.

"Willie, leave the table!" stormed his mother.

"Madam," said the minister, "do not judge him harshly. See how beautifully he put the sphere over the plate."

And from that time there wasn't a more earnest worker in all the big Sunday school than that same Willie.

The Poisonous Poppy.

In Turkey if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field and the wind blows from the field toward him, he becomes narcotized and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to a well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

Method in His Deceit.

"I thought you said you were going to bring a friend home to dinner," said Mrs. Skippy to her husband.

"He couldn't come, Anna," replied Mr. Skippy as he sat down with great satisfaction to the first good dinner he had had a chance to attack for a long time.

What Disturbed Him.

Miggles—I hear you upset a plate of soup on Miss Smith's gown at dinner last night.

Wiggles—Yes, and it was awfully embarrassing. You know it isn't polite to ask for a second plate of soup.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

The saddest sight in all this world is a girl so homely and unattractive that she never has a beau. The Creator should not be so cruel as he is at times.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure a larger number of painful ailments than anything which you can find.

It is said that a woman never likes to hear another woman praised too highly.

Be Beautiful!
A clear, clean complexion is the foundation of all beauty. Cascarets Candy Cathartic make and keep the skin soft and velvety. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

There is said to be only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder, it cures, painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. At all druggists, 25 cents. Accept No Substitute. Trial package free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lenoir, N. Y.

Solitude is so nice when you have a friend with you.

Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Women of ancient times were beasts of burden and servitude. The woman of today should be glad she is alive.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey, Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

The hardest kind of work is easy if it is a labor of love.

There is a BEST of everything. A trial will convince you that Gilt Edge is the BEST of whiskeys. Sold everywhere. Wickham, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors.

Never enter a home unless you can spread sunshine through it.

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS.
A grand medicine to purify the Blood. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sick Headaches. 10c, 25c.

Put in the way of your boy the lives of good and great men.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Tung Po and Teamaking.

There is but one way of making tea, for

Unless the water boiling be poured on water spoils the tea. The teapot itself should be heated very hot before the tea is placed in it and the boiling water poured on. It should be scalding hot water, or the leaves will float to the top.

No less authority than Tung Po, the Chinese poet, is quoted for a recipe for teamaking. He says: "Whenever tea is to be infused, take water from a running stream and boil it over a lively fire. It is an old custom to use running water, boiled over a lively fire. That from springs in the hills is said to be best and river water the next, while well water is the worst. A lively fire is a clear, bright charcoal fire. When making an infusion, do not boil the water too hastily. At first it begins to sparkle like crabs' eyes, then somewhat like fish's eyes and lastly it boils up like pearls innumerable springing and waving about. 'This is the way to boil water.'"

A teaspoonful of tea for two cups, with one for the pot, is the rule.

Saint's Powder Recipe.

In Germany and Italy great honor is paid to St. Barbara, but until now no one has been able to discover the exact reason.

A German officer says that she is honored because the invention of powder is in a large measure due to her.

Berthold Schwarz, a monk, he explains, opened the "Lives of the Saints" on St. Barbara's day and read the story of her martyrdom, after which he reasoned as follows:

"The heart of the Virgin was white as salt, the soul of her tormentor was black as coal, and it was sulphur from heaven which punished him for his cruelty. I will mix these three things, and it will be a wonder if I do not discover the philosopher's stone."

He did mix them, and as soon as he put the mixture in a fire a tremendous explosion followed. Such, according to German soldiers, was the origin of gunpowder.

Interrupted Grieving.

A woman in Scotland had lost her husband, and the minister, calling to condole with her, found her sitting in front of a large bowl of porridge.

"Terrible loss, terrible loss!" sighed the minister.

"Aye," was the reply, "it's a terrible loss to me. I've just been greetin' a' night, and as sune as I finish this wee drap porridge I'm just gaun to begin again."

HOSPITAL SECRETS.

A Nurse Says: "Pe-ru-na is a Tonic of Efficiency."

Mrs. Kate Taylor

Mrs. Kate Taylor, a graduated nurse of prominence, gives her experience with Peruna in an open letter. Her position in society and professional standing combine to give special prominence to her utterances.

CHICAGO, ILL., 427 Monroe St.—

"As far as I have observed Peruna is the finest tonic any man or woman can use who is weak from the after-effects of any serious illness."

"I have seen it used in a number of convalescent cases, and have seen several other tonics used, but I found that those who had used Peruna had the quickest relief."

"Peruna seems to restore vitality, increase bodily vigor and renew health and strength in a wonderfully short time."—MRS. KATE TAYLOR.

In view of the great multitude of women suffering from some form of female disease and yet unable to find any cure, Dr. Hartman, the renowned specialist on female catarrhal diseases, has announced his willingness to direct the treatment of as many cases as make application to him during the summer months, without charge. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

The greatest science in parenthood is to carry boys and girls safely through the dangerous romantic period of their lives. Fully half of young lives are wrecked or blighted passing this period.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE ONLY CURE FOR

RHEUMATISM

And All Aches and Pains.

25c and 50c Sizes.

When you get this Standard Percal Waist for fifty cents, you find as much style and worth as seventy-five cents usually command—It's in tan ground with fancy stripes of black, blue or pink.

Remit five cents extra for postage.

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S. F. N. V. No. 20, 1900

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TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main-highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

— AND SLAUGHTERERS OF —

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

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